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THE

MORAL FABLES

OF

ROBERT HENRYSON.

REPRINTED FROM THE EDITION OF

ANDREW HART.

EDINBURGH:

M.DCCC.XXXII.

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PREFACE.

AMONG the Scotish poets who flourished during the latter part of the fifteenth century, Robert Henryson merits a conspicuous place. He is described as chief schoolmaster of Dunfermline, and this is almost the only particular of his life that is sufficiently ascertained. According to one writer, he was a notary public, as well as a schoolmaster; and another is inclined to identify him with Henryson of Fordell, the father of James Henryson, who was king's advocate and justice clerk, and who perished in the fatal battle of Floddon. This very dubious account seems to have originated with Sir Robert Douglas; who avers that Robert Henryson appears to have been a person of distinction in the reign of James the Third, and that he was the father of the king's advocate. Douglas refers to a certain charter, granted by the abbot of Dunfermline in 1478, where Robert Henryson subscribes as a witness;[a] but in this charter he certainly appears without any particular distinction, as he merely attests it in the character of a notary public. A later writer is still more inaccurate when he pretends that the same witness is described as Robert Henryson of Fordell:[b] in this and other two charters which occur in the Chartulary of Dunfermline, he is described as a notary public, without any other

[a] Douglas's Baronage of Scotland, p. 518.

[b] Sibbald's Chronicle of Scottish Poetry, vol. i. p. 88.

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addition.[c] That the notary public, the schoolmaster of Dunfermline, and the proprietor of Fordell, were one and the same individual, is by no means to be admitted upon such slender and defective evidence. Henryson, or, according to its more modern and less correct form, Henderson, was not at that period an uncommon surname. It is not however improbable that the schoolmaster may have exercised the profession of a notary. While the canon law prevailed in Scotland, this profession was generally exercised by ecclesiastics,[d] and some vestiges of the ancient practice are still to be traced: every notary designates himself a *clerk* of a particular diocese;[e] and by the act of 1584, which under the penalty of deprivation prohibited the clergy from following the profession of the law, they still retained the power of making testaments;[f] so that we con-

[c] Chartulary of Dunfermline, f. 64. a.—Robert Henryson is a witness to other two charters which occur in the same record, f. 63. a. b. His only mark of distinction is that of being designated *Magister*, while the names of several other witnesses appear without this title. He had perhaps taken the degree of master of arts.

[d] "The clergy being the only persons knowing in the laws civil and canon, were most qualified to examine these notaries; and it is probable that in all the kingdom there were none so fit. Besides, in the ancient times, and when the above act was made [that is, in 1469] none other than the clergy either aspired to this office, or were admitted to it." (*Ars Notariatus*, or, the Art and Office of a Notary-Public, p. 18. 2d edit. Edinb. 1762, 12mo.)

[e] It is indeed true that the word *clericus* is in a more general sense applied to a man of learning, whether an ecclesiastic or a layman. "*Scholares*," says a learned civilian, "qui et ipsi quarundam regionum consuetudine *clerici* appellantur, quamvis non sint theologiae studiis addicti." (Rittershusii Jus Justinianeum, p. 171. edit. Argent. 1629, 4to.) See likewise Hearne's Glossary to Robert of Gloucester, v. *clerc*. But clerk, subjoined to a person's name as his proper designation, regularly denoted a clergyman.

[f] "That nane of thame prefentlie being in that functioun, or that salbe admittit thairto in tyme cumming, ſall in ony wayis accept, vſe, or adminiſtrat ony

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tinue to admit the rule of the canon law, which sustains a will attested by the parish priest and two or three witnesses.[g] If therefore Henryson was a notary, it is highly probable that he was also an ecclesiastic, and if he was an ecclesiastic, he could not well leave any legitimate offspring. The poet, in one of his works, describes himself as "ane man of age;" and from Sir Francis Kinaston we learn that "being very old he dyed of a diarrhea or fluxe." With respect to the period of his decease, it is at least certain that he died before Dunbar, who in his Lament, printed in the year 1508, commemorates him among other departed poets.

In Dunfermling he hes tane Broun,
With gude Mr. Robert Henryſoun.

The compositions of Henryson evince a poetical fancy, and, for the period when he lived, an elegant simplicity of taste. He has carefully avoided that cumbrous and vitiated diction which had begun to prevail among the Scotish as well as the English poets. To his power of poetical conception he unites no inconsiderable skill in versification: his lines, if divested of their uncouth orthography, might often be mistaken for those of a much more modern poet. His principal work is the collection of Fables, thirteen in number, which are here presented in a renewed form. They are written in a pleasing manner, and are frequently distinguished by their arch simplicity; but in compositions of this nature, brevity is a quality which may be con-

place of judicature in quhatſumeuir ciuill or criminall cauſſis, not to be of the College of Juſtice, commiſſionaris, aduocatis, court clerkis, or notaris in ony materis (the making of teſtamentis onlie exceptid) vnder the pane of depriuatioun from thair benefices, levingis, and functioun." (Acts of the Parliaments of Scotland, vol. iii. p. 294.)

[g] Decretal. Gregorii IX. lib. iii. tit. xxvi. cap. x.

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sidered as almost indispensable, nor can it be denied that those of Henryson sometimes extend to too great a length. The collection is introduced by a prologue, and another is prefixed to the fable of the lion and the mouse. The latter prologue exhibits a curious specimen of the literature of that age. In a delightful morning of June, the poet wanders into a wood, and reclines himself, in the midst of flowers, under the shade of a hawthorn; where, having made the sign of the cross, he falls asleep, and fancies himself to be accosted by a person of a goodly appearance. This venerable stranger proves to be Æsop; who is here represented as a Roman and a poet, and in whom it is not easy to recognize the reputed author of the fables written in Greek prose. Mr. Tyrwhitt, who was equally familiar with classical and with Gothic literature,[h] has remarked that in many passages quoted from Æsop by writers of the middle ages, it is difficult to ascertain what author they mean. "The name of Æsop," he adds, "was chiefly appropriated to the anonymous author of 60 fables in elegiac metre, which were printed in Nevelet's collection under the title of *Anonymi Fabulae Æsopicae*. I have seen an edition of them in 1503 by Wynkyn de Worde, in which they are entitled simply *Esopi Fabulae*. The subjects are for the most part plainly taken from Phaedrus; but it may be doubted whether the author copied from the original work of Phaedrus, or from a version of it into Latin prose.

[h] "Ex iis qui nunc critici in Britannia numerantur, dubito an quisquam ullo sit genere laudis Thomae Tyrwhitto anteponendus. Non enim vanis incertisque conjecturis lectorem ludit, aut ingenii ostentatione lascivit, sed criticae disciplinae severitate usus, sententiam cujusque scriptoris amplectitur, ex eaque in omnes partes versata facile elicit quod prius scriptum erat. Has autem tam felices emendationes non, qui multorum mos est, Thrasonico flatu jactat, sed summa modestia viris eruditis judicandas proponit." (Bibliotheca Critica, vol. ii. part. iv. p. 85.)

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Several versions of this kind are still extant in MS. One of very considerable antiquity has been published by Nilant, Lugd. Bat. 1709, under the title of *Fabulae Antiquae*, together with another of a later date, which is pretended to have been made from the Greek by an emperour Romulus, for the use of his son Tiberius."[i]

Henryson's Tale of the vponlands Mouse and the burgesse Mouse may be regarded as one of his happiest efforts in this department. The same tale, which is borrowed from Æsop, has been told by many other poets, ancient as well as modern. Babrius has dispatched the story of the two mice in a few verses,[k] but Henryson has extended it over a surface of several pages. To this fable of the Scotish poet, it does not, in the opinion of Dr. Nott, seem improbable that Sir Thomas Wyatt might have been indebted, if not for the idea of his first satire, at least for the manner of telling the story.[l] Henryson's Tale of Sire Chauntecleire and the Foxe is evidently borrowed from Chaucer's Nonnes Preestes Tale. From these apologues some curious fragments of information may be gleaned. That of the Sheepe and the Dog, contains all the particulars of an action before the consistory court, and probably as complete an exposure of such transactions as the author could prudently hazard. The proceedings of the ecclesiastical courts seem about this period to have been felt as a common grievance; and they are still more decidedly reprehended in the Satyre of Sir David Lindsay, whose works furnish many valuable contributions to the history of manners and customs.

[i] Tyrwhitt's Glossary to Chaucer, v. *Ysope*, p. 280.

[k] Babrii Fabularum choliambicarum libri tres, collegit Fr. Xav. Berger, p. 9. Monachii, 1816, 8vo.

[l] Nott's Essay on Wyatt's Poems, p. cxliii.—In the Appendix, No. vi. Dr. Nott has printed Henryson's fable from the Harleian MS.

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Another conspicuous production of Henryson is the Testament of Cresseid,[m] which is a sequel to Chaucer's Troylus and Creseyde, and is commonly printed among the works of that poet.[n] It evidently rises above the ordinary standard of that period, and on some occasions evinces no mean felicity of conception. The silent interview between Troilus and Cresseid is skilfully delineated; and the entire passage has been described as beautiful by a very competent judge of old poetry.[o] It is unnecessary to remark that for "the tale of Troy divine," neither Chaucer nor Henryson had recourse to the classical

[m] The Testament of Cresseid, compylit be M. Robert Henrysone, Sculemaister in Dunfermeling. Imprentit at Edinburgh be Henrie Charteris, 1593, 4to.—"Ffor the author of this supplement," says Sir Francis Kinaston, "called the Testament of Creseid, which may passe for the sixt and last booke of this story, I have very sufficiently bin informed by S[r]. Tho. Ereskin, late earle of Kelly, and divers aged schollers of the Scottish nation, that it was made and written by one Mr. Robert Henderson, sometime cheife schoole-master in Dumfermling, much about the time that Chaucer was first printed and dedicated to King Henry the 8th by Mr. Thinne, which was neere the end of his raigne. This Mr. Henderson wittily observing that Chaucer in his 5th booke had related the death of Troilus, but made no mention what became of Creseid, he learnedly takes upon him, in a fine poeticall way, to expres the punishment and end due to a false unconstant whore, which commonly terminates in extreme misery." See the Loves of Troilus and Creseid, written by Chaucer; with a Commentary by Sir Francis Kinaston, p. xxix. Lond. 1796, 8vo. Kinaston had translated into Latin rhyme two books of Chaucer's poem, and had published them under the title of *Amorum Troili et Creseidae libri duo priores Anglico-Latini.* Oxoniae, 1635, 4to. He completed his version of the poem, together with a commentary; and his manuscript at length came into the possession of Mr. Waldron, who announced his intention of committing it to the press, but did not find encouragement to proceed beyond a short specimen.

[n] This poem is quoted as Chaucer's, by Mr. Strutt in his View of the Dress and Habits of the People of England, vol. ii. p. 279, and by Mr. Douce in his Illustrations of Shakspeare, vol. i. p. 15. 487.

[o] Scott's Notes to Sir Tristrem, p. 362.

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sources:[p] this, like some other subjects of ancient history, had been invested with all the characteristics of modern romance; nor could the Scotish poet be expected to deviate from the models which delighted his contemporaries. Sir Troilus is commended for his knightly piety; a temple is converted into a *kirk;* Mercury is elected speaker of the parliament; and Cresseid, on being afflicted with a leprosy, is consigned to a spittal-house, in order to beg with cup and clapper. The personages are ancient, but the institutions and manners are all modern.

Henryson's tale of Orpheus is not free from similar incongruities, and possesses fewer attractions; it is indeed somewhat languid and feeble, and may have been a lucubration of the author's old age. Sir Orpheus is represented as a king of Thrace, and is first dispatched to heaven in search of the lost Eurydice.

Quhen endit was the ſangis lamentable,
He tuke his harp, and on his breſt can hyng,
Syne paſſit to the hevin, as ſais the fable,
To ſeke his wyf, bot that auailit no thing:
By Wadlyng ſtrete[q] he went but tarying,

[p] See Warton's Hist. of English Poetry, vol. ii. p. 220, and Douce's Illustrations of Shakspeare, vol. ii. p. 65.

[q] Watling-street is a name given to one of the great Roman ways in Britain. (Horsley's Roman Antiquities of Britain, p. 387. Lond. 1732, fol.) This passage, which to some persons may appear so unintelligible, will be best explained by a quotation from Chaucer's House of Fame, b. ii.

Lo, quod he, caſte vp thyne eye,
Se yonder, lo, the Galaxye,
The whiche men clepe the Milky Way,
For it is whyte; and ſome perfay
Callen it Watlynge ſtrete.

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Syne come doun throu the ſpere of Saturn ald,
Quhilk fader is of all thir ſternis cald.[r]

Having searched the sun and planets without success, he directs his course towards the earth, and in his passage is regaled with the music of the spheres. His subsequent adventures are circumstantially, but not very poetically detailed. In enumerating the various characters whom he finds in the domains of Pluto, the poet is guilty of a glaring anachronism: here Orpheus finds Julius Cæsar, Nero, and even popes and cardinals; and it is likewise to be remarked that the heathen and the Christian notions of hell are blended together. But such anachronisms are very frequently to be found in the writers of the middle ages. Mr. Warton remarks that Chaucer has been

Bishop Douglas has employed the same expression in translating a passage in the third book of the Æneid, where the original contains no corresponding term.

Sidera cuncta notat tacito labentia coelo,
Arcturum, pluviasque Hyadas, geminosque Triones,
Armatumque auro circumspicit Oriona.

Of euery ſterne the twynkling notis he,
That in the ſtil heuin moue cours we ſe,
Arthurys hufe, and Hyades betaiknyng rane,
Syne Watling ſtrete, the Horne and the Charle wane,
The feirs Orioun with his goldine glaue.

An ancient Roman building, which once stood on the banks of the Carron, but was long ago demolished by the Gothic owner of the soil, bore the name of *Arthur's hof* or *Arthur's oon*. "It is remarkable," says Mr. Ritson, "that Gawin Douglas, bishop of Dunkeld, a noted poet, has described this erection in the Milky way." (Life of King Arthur, p. 96. Lond. 1825, 8vo.) But it is necessary to recollect that Virgil mentions the star Arcturus, and that his translator could make no reference to the hero of the round table.

[r] Heire begynnis the Traitie of Orpheus Kyng, and how he yeid to Hewyn and to Hel to feik his Quene: and ane othir Ballad in the lattir end. Edinburgh, *Chepman and Myllar*, 1508, 4to.

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guilty of a very diverting, and what may be termed a double anachronism, by representing Creseyde and two of her female companions as reading the Thebaid of Statius.[s] Like the fables of Henryson, his tale of Orpheus is followed by a long moral; and here he professes to have derived his materials from Boethius and one of his commentators.

Lo, worthy folk, Boece that ſenature
To wryte this feynit fable tuke in cure,
In his gay buke of Conſolacioun,[t]
For our doctryne and gude inſtructioun:
Quhilk in the ſelf ſuppose it fenyeit be,
And hid vnder the cloke of poeſie,
Yit Maiſter, trowit Doctour Nicholas,[u]
Quhilk in his tyme a noble theolog was,
Applyis it to gude moralitee,
Rycht full of frute and ſeriostee.
Faire Phebus is the god of ſapience,
Caliopee, his wyf, is eloquence.
Thir twa maryit gat Orpheus belyve,
Quhilk callit is the part intellectiue
Of mannis ſaule, &c.

The Bludy Serk is an allegorical poem of considerable in-

[s] In Shakspeare's Troilus and Cressida, says Mr. Douce, "Hector quotes Aristotle, Ulysses speaks of the bull-bearing Milo, and Pandarus of a man born in April. Friday and Sunday, and even minced-pies with dates in them are introduced." (Illustrations of Shakspeare, vol. ii. p. 291.)

[t] Boethius de Consolatione Philosophiae, lib. iii. met. xii.

[u] "On est redevable à Nicholas Crescius Florentin, moine de l'ordre de Citeaux, d'avoir rétabli les livres de la Consolation de Boece dans leur premiere purité sur les meilleurs et les plus anciens manuscrits, qu'il chercha avec beaucoup de soin dans toutes les bibliotheques d'Italie. Avant l'edition qu'il en fit faire à Florence, on ne pouvoit pas les reconnoître, tant ils étoient corrompus et differents des originaux." (Gervaise, Histoire de Boece, Senateur Romain, part. i. p. 290. Paris, 1715, 12mo.)

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genuity. The poet represents the fair daughter of an ancient and worthy king as having been carried away by a hideous giant, and cast into a dungeon, where she was doomed to linger until some valiant knight should achieve her deliverance. A worthy prince at length appeared as her champion, vanquished the giant, and thrust him into his own loathsome dungeon. Having restored the damsel to her father, he felt that he had received a mortal wound: he requested her to retain his bloody shirt, and to contemplate it whenever a new lover should present himself. It is unnecessary to add that the interpretation of this allegory involves the high mysteries of the Christian faith. The poem bears an obvious resemblance to two distinct tales which occur in the *Gesta Romanorum*. In the first of these, a noble lady having been cruelly oppressed by a tyrant, is relieved by a valiant pilgrim, who falls in the moment of victory. According to his injunctions, she places his staff and scrip in her chamber; but on being addressed by three kings, in whom we are instructed to recognize the devil, the world, and the flesh, she afterwards removes these memorials, and forgets her obligations. The other tale represents the daughter of a king as having suffered dishonour from a tyrannical duke. When reduced to poverty and wretchedness, she is accosted at the way-side by a certain valiant knight, who, on condition of obtaining her hand, undertakes to fight the oppressor, and to recover her inheritance. A fierce combat ensues: before he slays his antagonist, he receives a mortal wound, which after an interval of three days terminates his life. She hangs up his bloody armour in a chamber, and on being addressed by any new suitor, she surveys this memorial of her deliverer, and declares her resolution to form no new attachment.[x]

[x] Gesta Rhomanorum, cum applicationibus moralizatis ac mysticis, f. xiii. xxvii. edit. Hagenaw, 1508, 4to.

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The Abbay Walk is of a solemn character, and is not altogether incapable of impressing the imagination. Its object is to inculcate submission to the various dispensations of Providence, and this theme is managed with some degree of skill. Of his poem entitled the Garment of gude Ladyis, Lord Hailes has remarked that " the comparison between female ornaments and female virtues, is extended throughout so many lines, and with so much of a tire-woman's detail, that it becomes somewhat ridiculous."[y] But the most beautiful of Henryson's productions is Robene and Makyne, the earliest specimen of pastoral poetry in the Scotish language. I consider it as superior in many respects to the similar attempts of Spenser and Browne : it is free from the glaring improprieties which sometimes appear in the pastorals of those more recent writers, and it exhibits many genuine strokes of poetical delineation. The shepherd's indifference is indeed too suddenly converted into love ; but this is almost the only instance in which the operations of nature are not faithfully represented. The story is skilfully conducted, the sentiments and manners are truly pastoral, and the diction possesses wonderful terseness and suavity.

The Fables of Henryson are here reprinted from the edition of Andrew Hart; of which the only copy known to exist has lately been added to that great repository of Scotish literature the Advocates Library. It is a small octavo volume, which, although in a very frail condition, cost no small price. This however is not the first edition ; and indeed the title-page indicates the work to be " newlie reuised and corrected." In the library of Sir Andrew Balfour, which was sold by auction in 1695, there appears to have been a copy of an edition printed at Edinburgh in 1570. And after a short interval the work

[y] Hailes's Ancient Scottish Poems, p. 279. Edinb. 1770, 12mo.

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was exhibited in an English dress: "The fabulous Tales of Esope the Phrygian, compiled moste eloquently in Scottishe metre, by Mr. Robert Henrison, and now lately Englished." London, printed by Richard Smith, 1577, 8vo. Of this edition there is a copy in the library of Sion College. Among the Harleian manuscripts in the British Museum are preserved "The morall Faibillis of Esope, compylit be Maister Robert Henrisoun, Scolmaister of Dunfermling, 1571." This is apparently the date of the transcript, which is conjectured to have been taken from the edition of the preceding year. The manuscript, as Mr. Pinkerton has stated, "is well writen and preserved, and has some curious illuminations, tho poorly done."[z] Ten of the fables, together with several other poems of the same author, are to be found in Bannatyne's manuscript. The various works of Henryson afford so excellent a specimen of the Scotish language and versification, that a complete collection, printed with due accuracy and accompanied with proper illustrations, could not fail to be highly acceptable to the lovers of our early literature.

[z] Pinkerton's List of the Scotish Poets, p. c.

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THE

MORALL FABLES of Esope, the *Phrygian.*

Compyled into eloquent and ornamentall *Meeter, by* Robert Henrisoun, Schoole-maſter of Dvmfermeling.

¶ *Dulcius arrident ſeria picta Jocis.*

¶ *Ut Naufragii levamen eſt portus: ita tranquillitas animi, ſeu iocunditas eſt quaſi vitæ portus.*

Newlie reuiſed and corrected.

EDINBURGH:

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THE PROLOGVE.

THough feinzed Fables and old Poetrie,
Be not all grounded vpon trueth, yet then
Their polite tearmes of fweete Rhethorie
Right pleaſant are vnto the eares of men:
And als the cauſe that they first began,
Was to reproue the haill misliuing
Of men, by figure of ane other thing.

In like manner as throw the boufteous eird,
(So it bee laboured with great diligence)
Springis the flowers and the corne abreird,
Helſome and good to mans ſuſtenance.
So ſpringis thair a morall ſweit ſentence
Out of the ſubtile dyte of Poetrie,
To good purpoſe who could it well apply.

The Nut-ſhell though it bee hard and teugh,
Holdes the kirnell, and is dilectable:
So lyeth there a doctrine wiſe enough,
And full of fruite vnder a feinzed Fable.
And Clarkes ſayes, it is right profitable,
Among earneſt to ming a mirrie ſport,
To light the ſpirit and gar the time bee ſhort.

And furthermore, a bow that is aye bent,
Worths vnſmart, and dulles on the ſtring:
So doeſt the minde that is aye diligent
In earneſt thoughts, and into ſtudying,
With ſad matters ſome mirrineſſe to ming,
Accords well: thus *Eſope* ſaide I wis,
Dulcius arrident ſeria picta Iocis.

Of this Authour (my Maſter with your leiue)
Submitting mee to your correction:
In Mother tongue of Latine I would prooue,
To make a manner of tranſlation:
Not of my ſelfe for vaine preſumption,
But be requeſt and precept of a Lord,
Of quhome the name it neidis not record.

In

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THE PROLOGUE.

In homelie language, and in tearmes rude,
Mee needs wryte: For why of eloquence,
Nor rhethoricke I neuer vnderſtude,
Therefore meekely I pray your reuerence,
Gif that yee find in it throw negligence,
Bee diminute, or yet ſuperfluous,
Correct it at your wils gratious.

Myne Authour in his Fables telles how,
That Brutall beaſtes ſpake and vnderſtude,
In to good purpoſe diſpute and argue,
Ane fillogiſme propone and eke conclude,
Put in example and in ſimilitude,
How many men in operation,
Are like to beaſts in condition.

No maruell is a man bee like a beaſt,
Which loueth aye carnall and fowle delite:
That ſhame can not him renyie nor arreaſt,
But taketh all the luſt and appetite,
And that through cuſtome and through daylie rite,
Syne in their mindes ſo faſt is radicate,
That they in brutall beaſt are transformat.

This noble Clarke *Eſope* as I haue told,
In gay veſtment, as poet Laureat,
By figure wrote his booke for hee not wold,
Lacke the diſdaine of hie or low eſtate.
And to begin, firſt of ane Cocke hee wrate,
Seeking his meate he found a jolie ſtone,
Of whom the Fable yee ſhall heare anone.

FINIS.

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¶ THE TALE OF THE Cocke and the Iaſpe.

AMe Cocke ſomtime with fethꝛeme freſch and gay
Right cant and crous, albeit hee was but pure
Flew fooꝛth vpon a Dung-hill ſoone be day
To get his denner ſet was all his cure:
Scraping among the Aſhe by adventure,
Hee found a joly Iaſpe right pꝛecious,
Was caſten fooꝛth in ſowping of the Houſe.

As Damoſels wanton and inſolent,
That faine would play, and on the ſtreete be ſeene
To ſweiping of the houſe they take no tent,
They care nothing, ſo that the flure be cleene,
Jewels are tint, as oft times hes beene
Vpon the flure, and ſweiping fooꝛth anone,
Paraduenture ſo was the ſamine ſtone.

So marueiling vpon the ſtone (quod hee)
O gentle Iaſpe, O rich and noble thing,
Though I thee finde, thou gaines not foꝛ mee,
Thou art a jewel for a Looꝛd and King,
Pittie were thou ſhould lye in this midding,
And buried be thus in this mucke on mold,
And thou ſo faire, and wozth ſo meikell Gold.

It is pittie I ſhould the finde, for why?
Thy great vertue, noꝛ yet thy colour cleare,
It may mee neither extoll noꝛ magnifie:
And thou to mee may make but little cheare,
To great Looꝛds though thou be loue and deare,
I loue farre better things of leſſe auaill,
As Dꝛaffe and Coꝛne to fill my toome intraill.

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I had rather haue ſcraped with my nails,
Amang this Mow and looke my liues foode,
As draff or corne, ſmall wormes and ſnailes,
Or ony meit would doe my ſtomacke good,
Than of Iaſpes a meikill multitude.
And thou againe, vpon the ſamine wiſe,
For thine auaile may mee as now diſpiſe.

Thou art no Corne, and thereof I haue need,
Thy collour does but comfort to the ſight,
But that is not enough my wombe to feede,
As Wiues ſayes, looking workes are light,
I would haue ſome meat, get it if I might,
For hungrie men may not liue on lookes,
Had I dry bread, I count not for the Cookes.

Where ſhould thou make thy habitation?
Where ſhould thou dwell but in a royall Toure?
Where ſhould thou ſit but on a Kinges Crowne?
Exalted in worſhip and in great honour?
Riſe gentle Iaſpe, of all the ſtones the floure,
Out of this midding, and pas where thou ſhould be
Thou ganes not for mee nor I for thee.

Leauand this Jewel low vpon the ground,
To ſeeke his meate this Cocke his wayes went,
But when or how, or whom by it was found,
As now I ſet to hold none argument:
But of this inward ſentence and intent,
Of this Fable (as mine Author) does write,
I ſae rehearſe in rude and hamlie dite.

This joly Iaſpe had properties ſeuen.
The firſt of colloure it was maruelous,

Part

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Part like the fire, and part like to the heauen
It makes a man ſtrong and victorious,
Preſerues als fra caſes perilous,
Who hes this ſtone ſhall haue good hap to ſpeid,
Of fire nor water needs him not to dread.

MORALITAS.

THis gentle *Iaſpe* right different of hew,
Betokens perfite prudence and cunning:
Ornate with many deeds of vertew,
More excellent than any earthly thing,
Which maketh men in honour for to reigne,
Happie and ſtrong to win the victorie,
Of all vices the ſpirituall enemie.

Who may bee hardy, rich and gracious,
Who can eſchew perrill and aduenture?
Who can gouerne a Realme Citie or Houſe,
Without Science? no man I you aſſure.
It is riches that euer ſhall endure,
Which moath nor moyſt, nor other rouſt can freat,
To mens ſoule it is eternall meat.

This *Cocke* deſyring more the ſimple corne,
Than any *Iaſpe*, may to a foole bee peare:
Which at Science makes but a mocke and ſcorne,
And no good can, and will als little leare.
His heart wammils wiſe arguments to heare,
As doeth a Sow, to whom men for the nanes,
Into her draffe-troch would ſow precious ſtanes.

Who is enemie to Science and cunning,
But ignorants who vnderſtandeth not?
Which is ſo noble, ſo precious and ſo ding,
That it may not with earthly thing bee boght,
Well were the man ouer all other that moght,
All his life dayes in perfite ſtudie wair,
To get Science, for him needeth no mair.

But now (alas) Science is tint and hid,
Wee ſeeke it not, nor preaſſe it for to find:
Haue wee riches no better life wee bid,

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Of Science through the ſoule be bare and blind,
Of this matter more to ſpeake it were but wind,
Therefore I ceaſe and will no farther ſay,
Goe ſeek the *Iaſpe* who will, for there it lay.

The tale of the Vponlands Mouſe and *the Burgeſſe Mouſe.*

ESope mine Authore makes mention,
Of two Myce, and they were Sisters deare:
Of whom the eldeſt dwelt in a Borrow towne.
The other winned vpon land well neare,
Solitarie whiles vnder bus, whiles vnder breare,
Whiles in the corne and other mens ſkaith,
As out-lawes does and liues on their waith.

This rurall Mouſe into the winter tide,
And hunger, cold, and tholed great diſtreſſe:
The other Mouſe that in the Burgh can bide,
Was Gild-brother and made a free Burgeſſe:
Tol free als, but cuſtome more or leſſe:
And freedome had to goe where euer ſhee liſt,
Among the cheeſe in Arke, and meill in kiſt.

On time when ſhee was full and vnfute-ſair,
Shee tooke in minde her Siſter vpon-land:
And long'd for to heare tell of her welfare,
To ſee what life ſhee had vnder the wand,
Bair-fute, alone with pyke-ſtaffe in her hand,
As poore pilgrame ſhee paſt out of the Towne,
To ſeeke her ſiſter both ouer daill and downe.

Foorth many willsome wayes can ſhee walke,
Through Moſs and Mure, throw banks balke & breir
Echo ran crying with many an hideous quake,

Come

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Come foorth to mee mine owne good ſiſter deare
Cry peepe once: with that the Mouſe can heare,
And knew her voyce as kinſmen will doe,
Be verie kinde, and foorth ſhee came her to.

The heartly joy, God if that yee had ſeene,
Was kithed when that thir two ſiſters met:
And great kindneſſe was ſhowne them betweene.
For whiles they leugh, and whiles for joy they gret,
Whiles kiſſed ſweete, whiles in armes plet.
And thus they fure, while ſober was their minde,
Syne foote for foote unto the chalmer wend.

As I heard ſay it was a ſober waine,
Of ſoge and ſarne full ſedilie way made;
Ane ſillie ſpell under ane ſteidfaſt ſtane,
Of which the entreſſe was not hie nor brade,
And in the ſame they went but more abade,
Without en fire or candle burning bright,
For commonlie ſuch pykers loues not light.

When they were ludged thus thir ſillie myce,
The youngeſt ſiſter into her buttrie yeede,
And brought foorth Nuts and candle in ſteid of ſpyce
If this was good fair I doe it on them beſide.
The Burgeſſe Mouſe ptomped foorth in pride,
And ſaid, Siſter is this your daylie foode,
Why not (quod ſhee) is not this meat right good?

No be my ſoule I thinke it but a ſcorne.
Madame (quod ſhee) yee bee the more to blame,
My Mother ſaid, Siſter when wee were borne,
That I and yee lay both within one wame.
I keepe the rate and cuſtome of my Dame.

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And of my liuing into pouertie:
For lands haue wee none in propertie.

My faire Siſter, (quod ſhee) haue mee excuſed,
This rude dyet and I can not accorde:
To tender meates, my ſtomacke is aye uſed,
For whiles I fare as well as any Lord,
Thir widdered Peaſe and Nutes ere they be bord,
Will breake my teeth and make my wombe full slen-
Which was before uſed to meates tender. (der

Well, well, Siſter (quod the Rurall Mouſe)
If it pleaſe you ſuch thing as yee ſee heere:
Both meate and drinke, harberie and houſe:
Shall bee your owne, will yee remaine all yeere,
Yee ſhall it haue with blyth and mirrie cheere,
And that ſhould make the meaſles that are rude
Among friends right tender and wonder good.

What pleaſure is in feaſtes delicate,
The which are given with a glouming brow,
A gentle heart is better recreate
With courage, than ſeeth to him a Kow,
A Modicum is more for till allow.
So that Good-will bee caruer at the Deaſe,
Than thrown vult and many ſpyced meaſe.

For all her merrie exhortation,
The Burgeſſe Mouſe had little will to ſing,
But heauilie ſhee keſt her browes downe,
For all the dainties that ſhe could her bring,
Yet at the laſt ſhee ſaide halfe in hathing,
Siſter this victuall and this rurall feaſt,
May weill ſuffice vnto a rurall beaſt.

Let

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Let bee this hole, and come into my place,
I ſhall to you ſhew by experience,
My Good-fry-day is better nor your Pace,
My diſh-lickings is worth your whole expence,
I haue houſes anew of great defence,
Of Cat, nor of fal-trap I haue no dread,
I grant (quod ſhee) and on together they yeed.

In ſtubble array throw gerſe and corne,
And vnder buſſes priuily could they creepe.
The eldeſt was the guyd and went before,
The younger to her wayes tooke good keepe,
On night they ran and on the day could ſleepe,
While in the morning ere the Laueroke ſang,
They fand the towne, and in blythly could gang.

Not far from thence into a worthie wane,
This Burges broght them ſoon where they ſhould bee,
Without God ſpeed their harberie was tane,
Into a Spence with victuall great plentie,
Both Cheeſe and Butter upon the ſkelfes hie,
All fleſh and fiſh, enough of freſh and ſalt,
And ſackes full of Meill, and eke of Malt.

After when they diſpoſed were to dyne,
Withoutten grace they wooſh and went to meate,
Of all courſes that Cookes could deuyne,
Mutton and Beaſe ſtriken in tailzeis great.
And Lords fare thus could they counterfeate,
Except one thing, they dranke the Water cleare,
In ſteede of Wine, but yet they made good cheare.

With blyth vpcaſt, and mirrie countenance,
The eldeſt Siſter ſpeired at her gaiſt,

If

If that ſhee be reaſon fand difference,
Betwixt her chamber and her little neſt.
Yea Dame (quod ſhee) how long will this laſt?
For euermore I watte and longer to,
If it be ſo, yee are at eaſe quod ſho.

To eike their cheer, a ſubcharge foorth ſhe brought
A plate of grottes and a diſh full of meill:
Thraft cakes als I trow ſhee ſpared nought.
Aboundantly about her for to deill,
And main-flour fine ſhee brought in ſtead of geill,
And a white candle out of a coffer ſtall:
Inſtead of ſpyce, to guſt their mouth withall.

Thus made they mirrie while they might no mair,
And hail-Zule haile, they cryed vpon hie,
But after joye oft times comes cair,
And trouble after great proſperitie,
Thus are they ſet in all their joalitie,
The Spencer came with Keyes in his hand,
Opned the doore and them at dinner fand.

They taryed not to waſh as I ſuppoſe,
But on to goe who that might formeſt win:
The Burgeſſe had an hole, and in ſhee goes,
Her ſiſter had none hole to hide her in.
To ſee that ſillie Mouſe, it was great ſin,
So deſolate and will of ane gude read,
For verie dread ſhee fell on ſwoun neare dead.

But as God would, it fell an happie caſe,
The Spencer had no laſer for to byde,
Neither to ſeeke, nor ſearch, nor feare, nor chaſe,
Abroad hee went, and left the doore up wyd:

The

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The bold Burgeſſe his paſſing well hes ſpyde,
Out of her hole ſhee came and cryed on hie,
How faire yee ſiſter? cry peepe where euer yee bee.

This ruraill Mouſe lay flatling on the ground,
And for the death ſhee was full ſore dreadand,
For till her heart ſtrake many woefull ſtound,
And in a feuer ſhee trembled foote and hand,
And when her ſiſter in ſuch ply her fand,
For verie pittie ſhee began to greet.
Syne comfort her with words faire and ſweet.

Why lye yee thus? riſe vp my ſiſter deare,
Come to your meat, this perrell is ouerpaſt.
The other anſwered her with heauie cheare,
I may not eate ſo ſore I am agaſt.
I had rather this fourtie dayes faſt,
With water kaill and to gnaw beanes or peaſe,
Than all your feaſt, with this dread and diſeaſe.

With faire treatie yet ſhee gart her vp-riſe
And to the buird they went, and together ſat:
And ſcantly had they drunken once or twiſe,
When in came Gib-Hunter our joly Cat:
And bad God-ſpeed the Burgeſſe vp with that,
And to the hole ſhee went like fire and flint,
Bawdrones the other by the backe hes hint.

From foote to foote hee toſt her to and fra,
Whiles vp, whiles downe, als cant as any kid
Whiles would hee let her run vnder the ſtraw
Whiles would he wink, & play with her buk-hide.
Thus to the ſillie Mouſe great paine he did,
While at the laſt throw fair fortune or hap,

Betwixt

Betwirt a boorde and the wall ſhee crap.

And vp in haſte, behinde a parpelling,
Shee clame ſo hie, that Gilbert might not get her:
Syne by the clucke there craftelie can hing,
Till hee was gone, her cheare was all the better,
Syne down ſhee lap when there was none to let her
Then to the Burgeſſe Mouſe loude can ſhee cry,
Fare well my Siſter, thy feaſt heere I defy.

Thy mangerie is mingled all with caire,
Thy gooſe is good, thy ganſell ſowre as gall:
The ſubcharge of thy ſeruice, is but ſaire,
So ſhall thou finde heere-afterward no faill,
I thanke yon Courting and yon parpall Wall,
Of my defence now from a cruell beaſte,
Almightie God keepe mee from ſuch a feaſt.

Were I into the Kith that I came fra,
For well nor woe ſhould I neuer come againe:
With that ſhee tooke her leaue, and foorth can ga
Whiles through ye corne, & whiles through ye plain,
When ſhee was foorth and free ſhee was full faine,
And merielie marched vnto the Mure,
I cannot tell how ſhee thereafter fure.

But I heard ſay ſhee paſſed to her den,
Als warme as wooll, ſuppoſe it was not great:
Full beenlie ſtuffed both butte and ben,
Of Beines and Nuttes, Peaſe, Rye and Wheat,
Wheneuer ſhee liſt, ſhee had enough to eate,
In quiet and eaſe, withoutten any dread,
But till her Siſters feaſt no more ſhee yead.

MORAL-

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MORALITAS.

FRiendes, ye may finde if that ye may take heede,
Into this Fable a good Moralitie,
As fitches mingled are with noble ſeed,
So intermingled is aduerſitie
With earthly joye, ſo that no ſtate is free,
And als trouble, and ſome vexation,
And namely they which climmeth vp ſo hie,
That are not content with ſmall poſſeſſion.

Bleſſed be ſimple life withoutten dread.
Bleſſed bee ſober feaſt in quyetie,
Who hath enough of no more hath hee need,
Though it bee little into quantitie.
Great aboundance and blind proſperitie,
Oftimes maketh an euill concluſion.
The ſweeteſt life therefore in this Countrie,
Is ſickerneſſe with ſmall poſſeſſion.

O wanton man that vſes for to fead
Thy wombe and maketh it a god to bee:
Like to thy ſelfe, I warne thee well but dread,
The Cat commeth, and to the Mouſe hath eye,
What vaileth then thy feaſt and royaltie,
With dreadfull heart and tribulation?
Beſt thing in earth, therefore I ſay for mee,
Is blithneſſe in heart, with ſmall poſſeſſion.

Thine owne fire (friend) ſo it bee but a gleid,
It warmeth well, and is worth gold to thee,
And *Salomon* ſayth, if that thou wilt read,
Vnder the Heauen there cannot better bee,
Then aye bee blyth, and liue in honeſty.
Wherefore I may conclude be this reaſon,
Of earthly joye it beareth moſt degree,
Blythneſſe in heart with ſmall poſſeſſion.

The tale of fire Chantecleire and the Foxe.

THough Brutall beaſtes be irrationall,
That is to ſay wanting diſcretion:
But like ane in their kinde naturall,
Be many diuerſe inclination,

The

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The Bair bousteous, the wolfe, the wilde Lyon,
The Fore seemes craftie and cautelous,
The Dogges to bark in night and keepe the house.

So different are they in properties,
Unknowne to man, and so infinite,
In kinde hauing so fell diuersities,
My cunning is excluded for to dyte,
For why? as now I purpose for to wryte
A case I fand which fell this other yeere,
Betwirt a Fore and a gentle Chantecleere.

A Widow dwelt into a borpe these dayes,
Who wan her foode of spinning on her rocke,
And no more had forsuith the Fable sayes,
Except of hennes shee had a little flocke,
And them to keepe shee had a jolie Cocke.
Right couragious that to this Widow ay
Diuyded night and crew before the day.

A little from this foresaid Widowes house,
A thorny shaw there was of great defence,
Whereon a Fore craftie and cautelous,
Made his repare and daylie residence:
Which to this Widow did great violence,
In pyking of Poutrie both day and night,
And no way be reuenged on him shee might.

This wylie Tod when that the larke could sing,
Full fore hungrie vnto the Towne him dreft,
Where Chantecleere into the day dawning,
Wearie for night was flowne from his neft;
Lawrence this saw and in his minde hee keft
The juperties, the wayis and the wile,

By

By what meanes hee might this Cocke beguyle.
Diſſimuland into countenance and cheere,
On knees fell, and ſmyling thus hee ſaid,
Gude-morne my maſter, gentile Chantecleere,
With that the Cocke ſtart backward in an braid,
Sir by my ſoule yee neede not be affrayed.
Nor yet for mee to ſtart nor flee abacke,
I come but heere ſeruice to you to make.

Would I not ſerue to you, it were blame,
As I haue done to your Progenitours:
Your Father full oft filled hes my wame,
And ſent mee meat from midding to the mures:
And at his end I did my buſie cures,
To hold his head, and giue him drinkes warme,
Syne at the laſt the ſweat ſwelt in mine arme.

Knew ye my father (quod the Cock) and leugh.
Yea, my faire Sonne, I held up his head,
When that hee died vnder an birken beugh,
Syne ſaid the Dirige when that hee was dead,
Betwixt vs two how ſhould there bee ane feud?
Whom ſhould yee truſt, but mee your ſeruitour,
That to your Father did ſo great honour.

When I beheld your Fethers faire and gent,
Your beeke, your breaſt, your Kekil & your Came,
Sir by my ſoule, and the bleſt Sacrament,
Mine heart is warme, mee thinke I am at home,
To make you blith I would creepe on my wombe,
In froſt and ſnow, in weather wan and weet,
And lay my lyare lokes vnder your feete.

This feinyet Fore, falſe and diſſimulate,
Made to this Cocke this cauillation:

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Yee are mee thinke changed and degenerate,
From your father, of his conditioun,
Of craftie crawing hee might beare the crowne,
For hee would on his taes ſtand and craw,
This was no lie, I ſtood beſide and ſaw.

With that the Cocke upon his taes hie,
Reſt up his heede and ſang with all his might:
(Quod ſir Lawrence) well ſaid, ſo met I thee,
Yee are your fathers ſonne and heire upright,
But of his cunning yet yee want ane flight,
For (quod the Tod) hee would and haue no doubt,
Both winke and craw, and turne him thrife about.

The Cock infect with wind and falſe vaine glore,
That many puts into confuſion:
Truſting to win ane great worſhip therefore,
Unwarelie winkand wawland up and downe,
And ſyne to chant and craw hee made him bowne:
And ſuddainlie bee hee had crawne ane note,
The Fore was ware, and hint by the throte.

Syne to the wood but tarie with him hyed,
Of that cryme hauing but little doubt:
With that Pertocke, Spruttocke and Toppick cryed
The Widow heard, and with ane cry came out,
Seeing the caſe, ſhee ſighed and gaue ane ſhout,
How murther hay, with ane hiddeous beir,
Alas, now loſt is gentle Chantecleir.

As ſhee were wode, with many yel and cry,
Ryuing her haire, upon her breaſt can beat
Syne paill of hew, halfe in ane extaſie,
Fell downe for care in ſowning and in ſweat,
With that the ſillie Hennes left their meat,

And

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And while this wife was lyand thus in ſwoun,
Fell in this caſe of diſputatioun.

Alas (quod Pertoke) making ſore mourning,
While teares great out ouer her cheekes fell,
Yon was our drowzie and our dayes darling,
Our Nightingell, and als our Horeledge bell,
Our wakrife watch for vs to warne and tell,
When that Aurora with her courches gray,
Put vp her head betwirt the night and day.

Who ſhall our Lemman bee? who ſhall vs laed?
When wee are ſad, who ſhall vnto vs ſing?
With his ſweete bill hee would break vs the bread:
In all this world there is no kinder thing,
In all paramours hee would doe vs pleaſing,
At his power as Nature did him giue,
Now after him alas, how ſhall wee liue?

(Quod Sprouток then) ceaſe Sister of your ſorrow,
Yee bee too mad for him ſic mourning makes,
Wee ſhall fair well wee find Saint John to borrow,
The Prouerbe ſayes, als good loue come as gaes,
I will put on my haly dayes claithes,
And make mee freſh againe this joly May,
Syne chant this ſang, was neuer widow ſo gay.

Hee was angry, and held us ay in aw,
And wounded hee was with the ſpere of jelouſie,
Of chalmer-glew Pertok full well yee knaw,
Waſted hee was, of nature colde and dry:
Sen hee is gone, therefore ſiſter ſay I,
Be blith in haill, for that is beſt remead,
Let quicke to quicke, and dead goe to the dead.
Then Pertoke ſpake with feinzet faith before,

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In luſt but loue, hee ſet all his delyte,
Siſter yee wate of ſic as him ane ſcore,
Would not ſuffice to ſlacke our appetyte,
I heght by mine hand, ſen hee is quite
Within ane owlke, for ſhame if I durſt ſpeike,
To get ane berne ſhould better claw my heike.

Then Toppik like a Curat ſpake full crouſe,
You wiſh ane vengence from the heauen,
Hee was ſo lowſie and ſo lecherous,
Hee had (quod ſhee) kittokes mae than ſeauen.
But righteous God holding the Ballance eauen:
Smits right ſore, thought hee bee patient,
For adultarie that will them not repent.

Prydfull hee was and joyed of his ſin,
And counted not for Gods fauour nor fead,
But traiſted aye to rare, and ſo to rin.
While at the laſt his ſinnes can him lead.
To ſhamefull end, and to yon ſuddaine dead,
Therefore it is the verie hand of God,
That cauſed him bee wirried with the Tod.

When this was ſaid, this widow from her ſwoun,
Start vp on foote, and on her knees cryed;
How berke, Berrie, Bawſie, Broun,
Rypſhaw, Rinwell, Courtes, Nutti-clyd,
Together all but grunching foorth yee glyede,
Reſkew my noble Cocke ere hee bee ſlaine,
Or elſe to mee ſee yee come neuer againe.

With that but bade they braded ouer the bent,
As fire off flint, they ouer the fieldes flew
I wis wightlie they thow wood and water went,
And ceaſſed not ſir Lawrence while they ſaw.

But

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But when hee ſaw the Kennets come on raw,
Unto the Cocke in minde hee ſaid, God ſen
That I and thou were fairlie in my den.

Then ſaid the Cock with ſome good ſpeit inſpy-
Doe my counſell, and I ſhall warrand thee, (red
Hungry thou art, and for great trauell tyred,
Right faint of force, and may not farther flee:
Swyeth turne againe and ſay, that I and yee,
Friends are made, and fellowes for an yeare,
Then will they ſtint, and ſtand for it and not ſtear.

This Tod, though hee was falſe and friuolous,
And had friends his querrel to defend:
Deceiued was hee by meanes right maruelous,
For falſed faillzeies ay at the latter end.
Hee ſtart about and cryed as hee were kend,
With that the Cocke hee braid out of the beugh,
Now judge yee all whereat ſir Lawrence leugh.

Begyled thus the Tod vnder the tree,
On knees fell, and ſaid, Good Chantecleere,
Come downe againe, and I but meat or fee,
Shall bee your man and ſeruant for a yeere
No falſe riuer and theefe ſtand not mee neere,
My bludie bekill, and my backe ſo bla,
Hath parted friendſhip for euer betweene vs twa.

I was vnwiſe that winked at thy will,
Wherethrough almoſt I loſſed had mine head:
I was mair fuill, quod hee, to be ſo ſtill,
Wherethrough to put my play into plead,
Fare on falſe theefe, God keepe mee from thy feud.
With that the Cocke ouer the fields took flight,
And in at the Widowes window could hee light.

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MORALITAS.

NOw worthie folk ſuppoſe this bee a Fable,
And ouerhailled with types figurall,
Yet may yee finde a ſentence right agreable,
Vnder this feinzit termes texturall.
To our purpoſe this Cocke well may wee call,
Nyce proud men, void and vain glorious,
Of kinne and blood that are preſumptuous.

Fye puft vp pride, thou art full poiſonable,
Wha fauours thee of force mon haue a fall:
Thy ſtrength is noght, thy ſtule ſtands vnſtable,
Take witneſſe of thy friendes infernall:
Quhilk hounded down was from that heauenly hal,
To helles-holl, and to that hiddeous houſe,
Becauſe in pride they were preſumtuous.

This feinzit Foxe may well bee figurate,
To flatterers with pleaſant words white:
With falſe meaning and minde intoxicat,
To loiſe and lie, that ſets their hail delite.
All worthie folke at ſicke ſhould haue deſpite,
For where is there mair perillous peſtilence,
Nor giue to lyares haſtily credence.

The wicked minde and adulation,
Of ſuggar ſweet hauing the ſimilitude,
Bitter as gall, and full of poyſon,
To taſt it is, wha clearely vnderſtude,
For why? as now ſhortlie to conclude,
Thir twa ſinnes, flatterie and vaine glore,
Are twa enemies, good folke beware therefore.

The Tale how this foreſaid Tod made his confeſſion to Frier wait-ſkaith.

LEaue wee this Widow glad I you aſſure.
Of Chantecleere moꝛe bigth noꝛ I can tell
And ſpeake wee of the ſubtle auenture,
And deſtiny that to this Foxe befell,
That durſt no moꝛe with waiting intermell,
As lang as leme oꝛ light was of the day.

But

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But byding night full ſtill lurking hee lay,
While that the goddes of the flude,
Phœbus had called to the harbery,
And Heſperus put vp his cluddie bude,
Showing his luſtie viſage in the Sky:
When Lawrence luked vp where hee could lye,
And keſt his hand vpon his eyes on hight,
Mirrie and glad that commed was the night.

Out of the wood vnto an hill hee went,
Where hee might ſee the twinkling ſtarnes cleare:
And all the Planets of the Firmament,
Their courſe and eke their mouing in the Spheare,
Some Retrograd, and ſome Stationare,
And of the Zodiacke into what degree,
They were ilke ane as Lawrence learned mee.

Then Saturne olde was entred in Capricorne,
And Iuppeter moued in Sagittarie:
And Mars vp in the Rams head was borne,
And Phœbus in the Lyon fourth can carie:
Venus the Crab, the Moone was in Aquarie,
Mercurius the God of Eloquence,
Into the Virgine made his reſidence.

But Aſtrolob, Quadrant or Almanacke,
Teached of Nature by inſtruction,
The mouing of the Heauen this Tod can take,
What influence and Conſtellation,
Was like to fall vpon this earth adoun:
And to himſelfe hee ſaid withoutten mair,
Well worth my Father that ſent mee to the lair.

My deſtinie and eke my weard I ken,
Mine auenture is clearlie to mee kend,

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With miſchiefe mingled is my mortall ene,
My miſliuing, the ſooner but I mend:
It is rewarde of ſinne, a ſhamefull end,
Therefore I will goe ſeeke ſome Confeſſour,
And ſchryue me cleane of my ſinnes to this houre:

Alas, quod hee, right waryed are we theues,
Our liues ſet ilke night in auenture:
Our curſed craft full many man miſcheues,
For ay wee ſteill, and ay are alike pure,
In dread and ſhame our dayes wee indure,
Syne widdinecke, and cracke-rape called als,
And till our hyre hanged vp by the hals.

Accuſand thus his cankered conſcience,
Into a Crage hee keſt about his eye,
So ſaw hee command a little then from thence,
Ane worthie Doctour of Diuinitie:
Frier-wolfe wait-ſkaith in ſcience wonder ſlie,
To preach and pray was new come from the Cloſter
With beedes in hand, ſaying his Pater noster.

Seeing this Wolfe, this wylie tratour Tod,
On knees fell, with hude into his necke,
Welcome my Ghoſtlie Father vnder God
(Quod hee) with many bing and many becke
Than (quod the Wolfe) Sir Tod for what effecke
Make yee ſic feir, ryſe vp, put on your hude,
Father (quod hee) I haue great cauſe to dude.

Yee are Mirroure, Lanterne and ſicker way,
Would gyde ſic ſimple folke as mee to grace,
Your bair feete and your Ruſſet cowle of gray,
Your leane cheekes, your paile pitteous face,
Schawis to mee your perfite holineſſe,

For

For well were him that once in his life,
Had hap to you his ſinnes for to ſchryue.

No ſillie Lawrence (quod the Wolfe) and leugh,
It pleaſes mee that yee are penitent,
Of reife and ſtouth, ſir I can tell enough,
That cauſeth mee full ſore for to repent,
But father bide ſtill here vpon the bent,
I you beſeech and heare mee to declare,
My conſcience, that prickes mee wonder ſare.

Wel (quod the Wolfe) ſit downe vpon thy knee
And hee downe bair-heided ſat full humblie,
And ſyne began with Benedicitie,
When I thus ſaw, I drewe a little by,
For it effeirs nether to heare nor ſpye.
Nor to reueill thing ſaid vnder that ſeill.
Unto the Tod this gate the Wolfe can tell.

Art thou contreit and ſorie in thy ſpreit
For thy treſpaſſe? No ſir, I can not dude,
Mee thinkes that Hennes are ſo honey ſweit,
And Lambes fleſh that new are latten blud,
For to repent my minde can not conclude,
But of this thing that I haue ſlaine ſo few.
Well (quod the Wolfe) in faith thou art a ſchrew.

Sen thou can not forbeare thy wickedneſſe,
Wilt thou forbeare in time to come and mend?
And I forbeere, how ſhall I liue, alas,
Hauing none other craft mee to defend:
Needе cauſes mee to ſteill where euer I wend,
I ſhame to thig, I can not worke yee wate,
Yet would I faine pretend to gentle ſtate.
Well (quod the Wolfe) thou wants points tuo,

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Belonging to perfite Confeſſion:
To the thrid part of Penitence let vs goe,
Wilt thou take paine for thy tranſgreſſion:
No ſir conſider my complextion,
Sillie and weake, and of my nature tender.
Loe, will yee ſee I am both leane and ſlender.

Yet neuertheleſſe, I would ſo it were light
Sport, and not greeuand to my tenderneſſe,
Take part of paine: fulfill it gif I might,
To ſet my ſillie Saul in way of grace:
Thou ſall (quod hee) forbeare fleſh vntill Paſche,
To tame thy Corpes and curſed carion,
And heere I reach thee full remiſſion.

I grant thereto ſo yee will giue mee leaue,
To eate puddings, or leape a little blude,
Or head, or feete, or panches let mee preaue,
In caſe I fall na fleſh vnto my fude.
For great miſter I giue thee leaue to dude,
Twiſe in the owlke, for need may haue no law,
God yeeld you ſir, for that text well I knaw.

When this was ſaid the Wolfe his wayes went,
The Fore on fute hee fure vnto the ſlude,
To find him fiſh haſtily was his intent,
But when hee ſaw the water and waues woude,
Aſtoniſt all ſtill into ane ſtate hee ſtude,
And ſaid, Better that I had bidden at hame,
Nor beene ane fiſher in the Deuils name.

Now mon I ſcrape my meat out of the ſand,
For I haue neither boates nor yet net,
As hee was thus for fault of meat murnand,
Luking about his liuing for to get,

Under

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Under ane tree hee ſaw an trip of Gate,
Then was hee blyth, and in ane heuch him hid,
And from the Goat hee ſta ane little Kid.

Syne ouer the heuch vnto the Sea hee hyes,
And tuke the Kid by the hornes twane:
And in the water either twyſe or thryſe,
Hee dowked him, and till him can hee ſane,
Ga downe ſir Kid, come vp ſir Salmond againe,
While hee was dead, ſyne to the land him dreuch,
And of that new made Salmond eat eneuch.

Thus finely filled with young tender meate,
Vnto ane derne for dread hee him addreſt,
Under ane buſſe where that the Sunne can beat,
To beeke his breaſt and belly hee thought beſt,
And reklellie hee ſaid where hee did reſt,
Straikand his wame agains the Sunnes heet,
Vpon his wame were ſet ane bolt full meet.

When this was done, the keeper of the Gate,
Carefull in heart his Kid was ſtollen away,
On euery ſide full warcly could hee wate,
While at the laſt hee ſaw where Lawrence lay,
Ane bow hee bent, ane ſlane with fedders gray,
Hee hailled to the head, and ere hee ſteird,
The Fore hee pricked faſt vnto the eird.

Now (quod the Fore) alas and welaway,
Gored I am, and may not farther gang.
Mee thinke no man may ſpeake ane word in play,
But now a dayes in earneſt it is tane,
Hee harled him, and out hee drew his ſlane,
And for his Kid, and other violence,
Hee tooke his ſkinne and made ane recompence.

MORAL-

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MORALITAS.

THis ſuddaine death and vnprovyſed end,
Of this falſe Tod, without proviſion:
Examples exhortand folke to amend,
For dread of ſic ane like confuſion:
For many now hes gude poſſeſſion,
Yet not repents, nor for their ſinnes great,
Becauſe they thinke that luſtie life ſo ſweet.

Some bee alſo throw conſuetude and ryte,
Vinqueſt with carnall ſenſualitie,
Suppoſe they bee as for the tyme contreyte,
Can not forbeare, nor from their ſinnes flee,
Vſe drawes nature ſo in propertie,
Of beaſt and man, that needlings they mon do,
As they of long-time haue beene hanted to.

Beware gude folke, and feare this ſuddaine death,
Quhilke ſmytes ſair, withoutten reſidence,
Attend wiſelie, and in your heartes note,
Againſt death may no man make defence,
Ceaſe off your ſinne, remord your conſcience,
Obey vnto your God, and yee ſhall wend,
After your death to bleſſe withoutten end.

The tale of the ſonne and the heire of the foreſaid Foxe, called Father-ware. Alſwa the Parliament of foure-footed Beaſtes halden by the Lyon.

THis foreſaid Foxe that died for his miſdeede,
Had but a barne was borne righteouſlie,
Till heirſhip by Law that might ſucceede.
Except a ſonne which in Adulterie,
Hee gotten had in purches priuilie,
And till his name was called Father-ware,
That loued well with Poutrie to tig and tar.

It followes well by reaſon naturall.
And gree by gree of right compariſon:
Of ill comes worſ, of worſ comes worſt of all,
Of wrangous geir comes falſe poſſeſſion:

This

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This Fore baſtard of generation,
Of verie kinde behoued to bee falſe,
So was his Father and his Grandſhir als.

As Nature will ſeeking his meat be ſent,
Of cace hee fand his Fathers carioun,
Naked new ſlaine and till him hes hee went.
Tooke vp his head, and on his knee fell downe,
Thanking great God of that concluſioun.
And ſaid, Now ſhall I byuke ſen I am aire,
The bounds where thou was wont for to repaire.

For couetice vnkinde, and venemous,
The ſonne was faine, hee found his Father dead,
By ſuddaine ſhot, for deeds odious,
That hee might ring and rare intill his ſtead,
Dreading nothing, the ſamine life to lead,
In thift and reife, as his father before,
But to the end attent hee tooke no more.

Yet neuertheleſſe, through naturall pittie,
The carion vpon his backe hee takes,
Now finde I well this Prouerbe true (quod hee)
Aye runnes the Fore as long as hee feete hes,
Syne with the corps vnto the peet-pot gaes,
Of water full, and caſt him in the deepe,
And to the Deuill hee gaue his bones to keepe.

O fooliſh man plunged in worldlineſſe,
To conques worldly good, gold and rent:
To put thy ſoule in paine or heauines,
To rich thy heir, which after thou art went,
Haue hee thy good, hee taketh but ſmall tent,
To execute, to doe, or ſatiſfie,
The latter will, thy debt and legacie:

This

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This Tod to reſt him, paſſed to ane Craig,
And there hee heard ane bouſteous Bugill blaw:
Which as hee thought made all the world to wag,
Ane Unicorne come lanſing ouer the law,
Then ſtart hee vp when hee this heard and ſaw,
With horne in hand, ane bill on breaſt hee bure.
Ane Purſephant ſeemely I you aſſure.

Unto ane banke where hee might ſee about,
On euery ſide on haſte hee did him by:
Shot out his voyce full ſhill, and gaue ane ſhout,
And on this wiſe twiſe or thriſe did cry,
With that the beaſtes on the field thereby,
All maruelling what ſic ane thing ſhould meene,
Greatlie agaſt they gathered on ane greene.

Out of his buſte ane bill can hee braid,
And red the text withoutten tarrying:
Commanding ſilence ſadlie thus hee ſaid,
The Noble Lyon of all beaſtes the King.
Greiting to God, health euerlaſting,
To brutall beaſtes, and irrationall
I ſend as to my ſubjects great and ſmall.

My Celſitude and high magnificence,
Lets you to wit, that euen incontinent,
Thinkes the morne with royall diligence,
Vpon this Hill to hald ane Parliament,
Straitly therefore I giue commandement,
For to compeir before my Tribunall,
Under all paine and perrell that may fall.

The morrow came and Phœbus with his beams
Conſumed had the miſtie cloudes gray:
The ground was greene, and als as gold it glemes
With

With graſſe growing goodly, great and gay,
The ſpyce that ſpred to ſpring on euery ſpray,
The Larke, the Maues, and the Merle full hie,
Sweetly can ſing, tripping from tree to tree.

The Leopards came with crowne of maſſy gold,
Bearing they brought vnto that hill ſo bight:
With Jaſpes joyned and royall Rubies rold,
And many diuerſe Diamonds dight,
With power proude a paileon downe they pight,
And on that throne there ſat ane wylde-Lyon,
In Rob-royall, with Scepter, Sword, and Crowne.

After the tenour of the cry before,
That goes on foure-footted beaſtes on eird,
As they commanded were withouten more,
Before their Lord the Lyon they appeird,
And what they were to mee as Lawrence leird,
I ſhall rehearſe, ane part of euerie kinde,
Als farre as now occures to my minde.

The minatour, ane monſter maruelous,
Bellepheront, that beaſt of baſtardie:
The War-wolfe and the Pegaſe perrilous,
Tranſformed by aſſent of Sorcerie,
The Lynx the Tyger full of tyranie,
The Elephant and eke the Dromodarie,
The Camell with his cran necke foorth can carie.

The Leopard as I haue tolde before,
The Antolop, the Sparth foorth could ſpeed,
The painted Panther, and the Unicorne,
The Rayndeir ran throw Riuer, ron and reid,
The jolie Gilet and the gentle ſteid,
The Aſſe, the Mule, the Horſe of euery kind,

The

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The Dae the Rae, the horned Hart, the Hynd.
The Bule, the Beir, the Bugill and the Bair
The tame Cat, wyld Cat, & the wyld-wod-ſwyne,
The hard-backed Hurtchen, and the hirpland Hair,
Both Otter and Ape, and penned Porcuppyne,
The guked Gate, the ſillie Sheepe, the Swyne,
The wyld Once, the Bucke, the walterand Brock,
The Fowmart with the Fibberd fourth can flocke.

The gay Grou-hund with the Sleuth-hund fourth
With Dogs all diuerſe and different: (can ſlid
The Ratton ran, the Glebard fourth can glide.
Ze whirnand Whitren with the Whaſell went,
The Feitho that hes furred many ſent,
The Mertrike with the Cunning and the Con,
The Bourabane, and eke the Lerion.

The Marmiſet the Modewart could lead,
Becauſe that Nature denyed had her ſight,
Thus dreſſed they all fourth for dread of dead,
The Mulke, the little Mouſe with all her might,
With haſte thee haked vnto that hill of hight,
And many kinde of beaſtes I could not know,
Before their Lord the Lyon lowted low.

Seeing thir beaſtes all at his bidding bowne,
Hee gaue ane brade, and looked him about,
Then flatling at his feete they fell all downe,
For dread of death, they drouped all in doubt,
Hee looked when that hee ſaw them lout,
And bade them with ane countenance full ſweete,
Bee not effeird, but ſtand vp on your feete.

I let you wit my might is merciable,
And fleires none that are to mee proſtrate:

Angry

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Angrie, auſterne, and als vnamiable,
To all that ſtand fray are to mine eſtate,
I ruge, I reaue all beaſtes that makes debate,
Againſt the might of my Magnificence,
See none pretend to pride in my preſence.

My Celſitude and hie Majeſtie,
With might and mercie ſhall bee mingled aye,
The laweſt heart I can full ſoone vp hie,
And make him Maiſter ouer you all I may.
The Dromodarie gif hee make deray,
The great Camel thought hee were neuer ſo crous,
I can him law as little as an Mouſe.

See neir be twentie myles where I am,
The Kid goe ſaiflie by the Gates ſide:
The Tod Lowrie lukes not to the Lambe,
No reauing beaſtes neither rin nor ride.
They couched all after that this was cryed,
The Juſtice bade the Court for to goe hence,
The ſuites called, and forfault all abſence.

The Panther with his painted coat armour,
Fenſed the Court, as of the Law effeired,
The Tod Lawrie luked where hee could lour,
And ſtart on ſute all ſtonisht, and all ſteird,
Ryueand his hair, hee cryed with ane reird,
Quaikand for dread, and ſighand could hee ſay,
Alas this houre, alas this duleſull day.

I wate this ſudden ſemblie that I ſee,
Hauing the points of an Parliament:
Is made to mar ſic miſdoers as mee,
Therefore if I mee ſhaw I will bee ſhent:
I will be ſought if I bee read abſent.

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To bide or flee it makes no remead,
All is alike there followes not but dead.

Perplexed thus in heart can hee mone,
Throw falſet how hee might himſelfe defend:
His hude hee drew low out ouer his eene,
And winking with ane eye foorth hee wend,
Clinching hee came that hee might not bee kend,
And for dreadour that hee ſhould bee arreaſt,
Hee played back-hood behind from beaſt to beaſt.

O ſyled ſpriet and cankered conſcience,
Before ane Roy renzeid with righteouſneſſe:
Blaſkenned cheekes and ſhamefull countenance,
Farewell thy fame, defiled for ay is,
The Phiſnomie, the fauour of thy face,
For thy defence is foule and diſfigurate,
Brought to the light, blaſed, blunt and blate.

Be thou attached with thift or with treaſon,
For miſdeed wrongous and wicked ſay:
Thy cheer changes Lawrence, thou mon luk downe,
Thy worſhip of this world is went away:
Luke to this Tod how hee was in affray,
And flee the filth of falſet I thee read,
Whereof there followes ſinne and ſhamefull dead.

Compeirand thus before their Lord and King,
In ordour ſet, as to their ſtate effeird,
Of euery kinde hee gart an part foorth bring,
And awfullie hee ſpake, and at them ſpeird,
If there was any kinde of beaſt on eird,
Ablent, and thereto gart them deeply ſweir.
And they ſaid none, except ane ſtude gray Meir.
Goe make ane meſſage ſoone upon that ſtude,

The

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The Court then cryed, now ſee who it ſhall bee,
Come foorth Lawrence lurking vnder thine hude,
A ſire, mercie, loe I haue but one eye,
Hurt in the head, and cruked as yee may ſee,
The Wolfe is better in Ambaſſadrie,
And mair cunning in Clergie far than I.

Ramping (hee ſaid) goe foorth bybours baith,
And they to goe withoutten tarrying,
Ouer rone and rute they ran together both,
And found the Meir at her meat in the morning,
Now (quod the Tod) Madame come to the King,
The Court is called, and yee are Contumax,
Let bee Lawrence (quod ſhee) your courtly knax.

Maiſtris (quod hee) come to the Court yee mon,
The Lyon hes commanded ſo indeed:
Sir Tod take yee the Flyzedome and the Fon,
I haue reſpyte ane yeere and yee will reed,
I can not ſpell (quod hee) ſo God mee ſpeed,
Heere is the Wolfe ane noble Clerke at all,
And of this meſſage hee is principall.

Hee is Autentike and a man of age,
And hes great practicke of the Chancellarie,
Let him goe looke and read your priuilage,
And I ſhall ſtand and beare witneſſe you by,
Where is the Reſpite (quod the Wolfe) in by,
Sir it is heere vnder mine houe well hid,
Hald vp the heill (quod hee) and ſo ſhee did.

Though he was blinded with pride yet hee preſumes,
To looke downe low, where that her letter lay,
With that the Meir gird him vpon the gumes,
And ſtrake the Hattrel of his head away:

Halfe out of life there leinand downe hee lay,
Alas (quod Lawrence) Lupe thou art loft,
His cunning (quod the Meir) is worth fome coft.

Lawrence (quod fhee) wilt thou luke on my letter
Sen that the Wolfe thereof nothing can win?
No by Saint Bryde (quod hee) mee thinke it better
To fleepe in haile, nor in ane hurt fkin,
Ane fkrow hee fand, and this was written in,
For fiue fhilling I would not anes forfault him,
Fœlix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

With broken fcalpe, and bludie cheekes reed,
This wretched Wolfe, weeping thus on hee went,
Of this menzie making to get remeed,
To tell the King the cafe was his intent,
Sir (quod the Tod) byde ftill upon the bent,
And from your browes wafh away the blude,
And take ane drinke, for it will doe you gude.

To fetch water this fraudfull Fore footh fure,
Slyding abacke, hee fought unto ane fyke,
On cafe hee meetes cumming from the Mure.
Ane trip of Lambes danfand on an dyke.
This tratour Tod, this tyrane and this Tyke,
The fatteft of the flocke hee felled hes,
And eate his fill, then to the Wolfe hee gaes.

They drank together, and fyn their journey take
Before the King fyne kneeled on their knee,
Where is yon Meir Sir Tod, was Contumax?
Then Lawrence faid, My Lord, fpeir not at mee,
Speir at your Doctour of diuinitie,
With his rid cap can tell you well eneuch,
With that the Lyon and the laue they leuch.

Tell

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Tell mee the caſe, now Lawrence let vs heare,
This wittie Wolfe (quod hee) this Clerke of age,
On your behalfe hee bade the Meir compeare
And ſhee alledged to haue ane priuilage:
Come neere and ſee, and yee ſhall haue your wage,
Becauſe hee red her reſpyte plaine and well,
Yon red bonnet ſhee caught him with her heill.

The Lyon ſaid, by yon red Cap I ken,
This tale is true, who tent vnto it takes:
The greateſt Clarkes are not the wiſeſt men,
The hurt of ane happie the other makes:
As they were crackand in this caſe and cracke,
And all the Court in mirrineſſe and gam,
In came the Zow, the mother of the Lam.

Before the Juſtice on her knees ſhee fell,
Put out her plaint on this wiſe wofullie
This harlot hurſone, and this hound of hell,
Deuored hes my Lambe full doggitlie,
Within ane myle in contrair to your cry,
For Gods loue my Lord giue mee the Law,
Of this luker, with that Lawrence let draw.

Byde (quod the Lyon) Limmer let vs ſee,
If it ſuth this ſillie Zow hes ſaid:
Ah Soueraigne, Lord, ſaue your mercie (quod hee)
My purpoſe was with him for to haue plaid,
Cauſleſſe he fled as hee had beene affraid,
For dread of death hee duſhed ouer ane Dyke,
And brack his neck, Thou lead (quod ſhee) fals tyk.

His death by practicke may be proued eith,
Thy gorrie gumes, and thy bludie ſnout:
The wool, the fleſh, yet ſtickes in thy teith,

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And that is euidence enough but doubt,
The Juſtice bade goe cheeſe an aſſiſe out,
And ſo they did, and found that hee was falſe,
Of murther, thift, pyking and treaſon als.

Then bind him faſt, the Juſtice ſaid belyue,
To giue the doome, and take off all his claiths,
The wolfe ye new made Doctor could him ſchryue,
Syne foorth him led, then to the Gallous gaes,
And at the Ladder fute his leaue hee taes:
The Ape was boucher, and bade him ſoone aſcend,
Syne hanged him, and thus hee made ane end.

MORALITAS.

Right as the Mynour in his mynorall,
Faire Gold with fire may fra Copper well win,
Right ſo vnder ane Fable figurall,
Sad ſentence men may ſeeke, and after ſyne,
As daylie does the Doctours of Diuyne,
That to our liuing full well can apply,
And paint their matter foorth by Poetrie.

The Lyon is the warld be likeneſſe,
To whom lowts baith Emperour and King,
And thinkes of this warld to get increaſe,
Thinkand daylie to get mair liuing,
Some for to rule, and ſom toe rax and ring,
Some gathers geir, ſome gold, ſome other gude,
To win this warld ſome worke as they were wood.

The Meir is men of gude condition,
As pilgrames walkand in this wilderneſſe,
Approvand that for gude Religion,
Their God onely to pleaſe in euery place.
Abſtracted from the warlds wratchedneſſe,
Feghtand with luſt, preſumption and pride,
And fra this world in minde are mortified.

This Wolfe I liken to Senſualitie,
As when like brutall beaſtes wee do accord:
Our minde all to the warldes vanitie,
Liking to take, and loue him as our Lord,

Flee

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Flee faſt therefra gif thou will right remord,
Then ſhall reaſon riſe, rax and ring,
And for thy ſaul there is no better thing.

Her huiſe I liken to the thought of dead,
Wilt thou remember man that thou mon die.
Thou may breake Senſuallities head,
And fleſhlie luſt away from thee ſhall flee:
Fra thou begin thy mind to mortifie,
Salomons ſaying thou may perſaue heerein,
Thinke on thine end thou ſhalt not gladly ſinne.

This Tod I liken to temptation,
Bearand to mind many thoughts vaine,
Aſſaultand men by ſweet perſwaſions,
Aye ready for to trap them in ane traine,
Yet if they ſee Senſuality neere ſlaine,
And ſudden death draw neere with paines ſore,
They goe aback and temptes them no more.

O Mediatour mercifull and meeke,
Thou Soueraigne Lord and King Celeſtiall,
Thy celſitude moſt humblie wee beſeeke,
Vs to defend from paine and perrils all,
And helpe vs vp vnto thine heauenly hall,
In glore where wee may ſee the face of God.
And thus ends the talking of the Tod.

The tale of the Sheepe and the Dog.

ESope ane Tale puts in memorie,
How ane Dog becauſe that hee was pure,
Called ane Sheepe vnto the Conſiſtorie,
Ane certaine breid from him for to recure:
Ane fraudfull Wolf was Judge that time, and bure
Authoritie and juriſdiction,
And on the Sheepe ſent foorth ane ſtrait ſummon.

For bee the vſe and curſe of common ſtyle,
On this manner made this citation:
I maſter Wolfe partieſſe of fraud and gyle.
Under the paines of hie Suſpenſion,

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Of great curſing and interdiction,
Sir Sheepe I charge thee for to compeir,
And anſweir to ane Dog before mee heir.

Sir Corbie Rauen was made ane apparitor,
Who pyked had full many a Sheepes eye.
The charge hes tane, and on the Letters bure,
Summoned the Sheepe before the Woolfe, that hee,
Peremptorly within two dayes or three,
Compeir vnder the paines in this bill,
To ſee what Perry Dog will ſay thee til,

This Summonds made before witneſſe anew,
The Rauen to his office well effeird,
Indorſed hes the wryte, and on hee flew,
The ſillie Sheepe durſt lay no mouth on eird,
Till hee before the awfull Judge appeird,
The houre of cauſe which that the Judge vſed then
When Heſperus to ſhaw his face began.

The Fore was Clarke and Noter in the cauſe,
The Glad, the Grape at the Bar could ſtand,
As Advocats, expert into the Lawes
The Dogges ply together tuke on hand,
Which were confederat ſtraitly in ane band,
Againſt the Sheepe, to procure the ſentence,
Though it was falſe, they had no conſcience.

The Clerke called the Sheepe, and hee was there,
The Advocats on this wiſe could propone,
Ane certaine bread worth fiue ſhillings or mair,
Thou aught the Dog, of whilke the terme is gone,
Of hir owne head, but Advocate allone,
The Sheepe auiſely gaue anſweir in the cace,
Heere I decline the tyme, the Judge, the place.

This

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This is the cauſe in motiue and effect,
The Law ſayes it is right perrilous
Till enter in pley before an Judge ſuſpect:
And yee ſir Wolfe hes beene right odious
To mee, for with your tuſkes rauenous,
Hes ſlaine full many kinſ-men of mine,
Therefore Judge as ſuſpect I to you decline.

And ſhortly of this Court yee members all,
Both Aſſeſſours, Clerke and Advocate:
To mee and mine are enemies mortall,
And ay hes beene, though I might not it lat,
The place is farre, the tyme is deſperat,
Wherefore no Judge ſhould ſit in Conſiſtorie,
So late at euen, I you accuſe for thy.

When that the Judge on this wiſe was accuſed,
Hee bade the parties chuſe with an aſſent,
Two Arbiters: as in the Law is vſed,
For to declare and giue arbitriment.
Whither the Sheepe ſhould anſweir in Judgement,
Before the Wolfe, and ſo the did but weir,
Of whom the names afterward yee ſhall heir.

The Beir, the Broke the matter tuke on hand,
For to decyd, if this exception
Was of no ſtrength, nor lawfully might ſtand,
And therevpon as Judges they ſat downe,
And held an long while diſputation,
Seeing full many decreits of the Law,
And gloſes als the veritie to knaw.

Of ciuill Law volumes full many they reuolue,
The Codies and Digeſts new and auld:
Contrate, Proſtrat arguments they reuolue.

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Some abjecting, and ſome can bald,
For prayer or price trow yee that they wald fald,
But had the gloſe and text of the decrees,
As true Judges, I be ſhrew them that lies.

Shortly to make an end of this debate,
The Arbiters then did ſweare full plaine,
The ſentence gaue, and proces fulminate,
The Sheepe ſhould paſſe before the Woolfe againe,
And end his pley, then was hee nothing faine,
And fra their ſentence could hee not appeill.
On Clerkes I doe giue, if this ſentence be leill.

The Sheepe againe before the Woolfe arenzied,
But Advocate abaſedly could ſtand:
Up raiſe the Dog, and on the Sheepe thus plenzied,
Ane ſoume I payed haue before the hand,
For certaine bread, thereto ane borrow hee fand,
That wrongoullie the Sheepe did hold the bread,
Which hee denyed, and there began the plead.

And when the Sheepe the ſtryfe had conteſtate,
The Juſtice in the cauſe foorth can proceede:
Lawrence the acts and the proces wrate,
And thus the pley vnto the end they ſpeed:
This curſed Court corrupted all for meed:
Againſt gude faith, law and eke conſcience,
For this falſe Dog pronounced the ſentence.

And it to put to execution,
The Woolfe charged the Sheepe without delay,
Under the paines of interdiction,
The ſoume of ſiluer, or the bread to pay,
Of this ſentence, alas, what ſhall I ſay,
Which damned the ſillie innocent,

And

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And juſtified the wrongous judgement.

The Sheepe heading more execution,
Obeying to the ſentence hee could take
His way vnto ane Marchand of the Towne,
And ſauld the wooll that hee bure on his backe,
Syne bought the bread, and to the Dog could make
Readie payment, as it commanded was,
Naked and bare ſyne to the field could paſſe.

MORALITAS.

THis fillie Sheepe may preſent the figure
Of poore Commons that daylie are oppreſt,
By tyrrane men whilke settes all their cure,
By falſe meanes to makè wrongous conqueſt:
In hope this present life ſhould euer last,
But all begyled, they will in short tyme end.
And after death to laſtand paines wend.

This Wolfe I liken to ane Schiref ſtout,
Whilk buyes ane forfault at the Kings hand,
And hes with him ane curſed affyſe about,
And dytes all the poore men vpon land,
Fra the Crowner haue laid on his wand,
Though hee were true as euer was Saint Iohn,
Slaine ſhall hee be, or with the Iudge compone.

This Rauen I liken to ane falſe Crowner,
Whilke hes an portion of ane indytement,
And paſſes foorth before the juſtice air,
All miſdoers to bring to judgement,
But looke if hee was of ane true intent,
To ſcrape out *Iohn*, and writ in *Will* or *Wat*,
And ſo ane budde at baith the parties take.

Of this falſe Tod of whom I ſpake before,
And of this Gled what they might ſignifie,
Of their name as now I ſpeake no more.
But of this Sheepe, and of this carefull cry,
I ſhall rehearſe, for as I passed by,
Where that hee lay, on caſe I luked downe,
And heard him make ſair lamentation.

Alas, quod hee this curſed Conſiſtorie,

In

In mides of the winter now is made
When Boreas with blaſtes bitterlie.
And hard froſts thir flowers downe can fade,
On banks bair now I make no bade,
And with that word to an Caue he crape,
Fra ſair weather and froſts him to hap.

Quaikand for cauld, ſair mournand ay amang,
Keft vp his eyes vnto the heauens hight,
And said, Lord God why ſleepest thou ſa lang?
Wake and decerne my cauſe grounded on right,
See how I am by fraud, maſtrie and might,
Peilled full bare, and ſo is many one,
Now in this world, right wonder woe begone.

See how his curſed ſonne of Covetice,
Loft hes both lawtie and eke his law:
Now few or nane will execute Iuſtice,
In fault of whom the pure man is ouerthrawne,
The verity ſuppoſe the Iudge it knaw,
Hee is ſo blinded with affection,
But dread for might he lets the right goe downe.

Seeſt thou not Lord this warld ouerturned is,
As wha wald change gude gold in lead or tine,
The poore is peilled, the Lard may doe na mis,
And Symonie is halden for no ſinne:
Now is hee blyth with ocker maiſt to win,
Gentrice is ſlaine and pietie is agoe,
Alas (gude Lord) why tholes thou it ſo?

Thou thols this euen for our great offence.
Thou ſends vs trouble and plagues ſore
As hunger, derth, weir or peſtilence,
But few amends now their life therefore,
Wee poore people as now may doe no more,
But pray to thee ſen that wee are oppreſt,
Into this earth, grant vs in heauen gude reſt.

The Tale of the Lyon and the Mouſe.

THE PROLOGVE.

IN mids of Iune that ſweet ſeaſon,
When that faire Phœbus with his beames bright,

Had

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Had dryed vp the dew from dall and downe,
And all the land made with his beames light,
In the morning betwixt mid day and night,
I raiſe and put all ſleuth and ſleepe aſide,
And to ane wood I went alane but gyde.

Sweete are the ſmell of floures white and reid,
The noyce of birdes right delicious:
The Bewes braid blomed about mine head.
The ground growand with graſſe gracious,
Of all pleaſance that place was plenteous,
With ſweete odours and birdes harmony,
The morning myld, my mirth was maire forthy.

The Roſes rid arrayed on Rone and Ryce,
The Primroſe and the pourpour Viola:
To heare it was a point of Paradice,
Sic mirth the Maves and the Merle could ma,
The bloſſomes blyth brack vp on banke and bra,
The ſmell of herbes and of fowls cry,
Contending who ſhould haue the victorie.

Mee to conſerue then from the Sunnes heat,
Vnder the ſhaddow of ane Hawthorne green
I leaned downe amang the flowers ſweet,
Syne cled mine head and cloſed both mine eene,
On ſleepe I fell among the Bewes beene,
And in my dream, I thought came throw the ſchaw,
The faireſt man that euer before I ſaw.

His gowne was of an claith as white as milke,
His chemeis was of camblet purpoure browne,
His hude of ſcarlet browdered well with ſilke,
On heckled wiſe vntill his girdle downe,
His bonnet round after the olde faſhioun,
His head was white, his eene great and gray,
With locker hair whilke ouer his ſhoulders lay.

Ane roll of paper in his hand hee bare,
Ane Swane-pen ſtickand vnder his eare,
Ane inke horne with ane prettie gilt pennare,
Ane bage of ſilke all at his belt can beare,
Thus was he gudely gathered in his geir,
Of ſtature large, and with ane fearefull face,
Euen where I lay hee came a ſturdy pace.

And

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And ſaid, God ſpeed my ſonne, and I was faine,
Of that couth word, and of his companie:
With reuerence I ſalute him againe,
Welcome Father, and hee ſat downe by mee,
Diſpleaſe you not my good Maſter though I,
Demand your birth, your facultie, and name,
Why yee came heere, or where dwell yee at hame.

My Sonne (ſaid hee) I am of gentle blude,
My natiue land is Rome withoutten nay,
And to the towne firſt to the Schooles I yeed,
In Ciuill Law ſtudyed full many day,
And now my winning is in heauen for aye,
Is couth and kinde to many cunning Clerkes,
Eſope I heght, my wryting and my warke.

O Maſter *Eſope* Poet Lawreat,
God wate yee are full deare welcome to mee.
Are yee not hee that all the Fables wrat?
Which in effect ſuppoſe they feinzeit be,
Are full of prudence and Morality:
Fair ſonne (ſaid hee) I am the ſamine man.
God wait if that mine heart was merry than.

I ſaid, *Eſope* my maſter venerable,
I you beſeeke heartly for charitie,
Yee would not diſdaine to tell ane prettie Fable,
Concluding with an good Moralitie.
Shaikand his head, hee ſaid, My Sonne let bee,
For what is worth to tell a fainzit tale,
Sen halie preaching may nothing availe.

Now in this world, me think right few or nane,
To Gods word that hes devotion:
The eare is deafe, and heart as cauld as ſtane,
Now open ſinne withoutten correction.
The eare inclinand to the earth ay downe,
So rouſtie is the warld with canker blacke,
That now my tales, may little ſuccour make.

Yet gentle ſir (ſaid I) for my requeſt,
Not to diſpleaſe your Fatherhood I pray,
Under the figure of an brutall beaſt,
Ane morall Fable yee would dennie to ſay,

Wha

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Wha wate but I may leare and beare away
Something thereby hereafter may auaill.
I grant (quod hee) and thus began his tale.

The end of the Prologue, and begins the Tale.

ANe Lyon at his prey verie forrun,
To recreat his limmes and to reſt:
Beeking his breaſt and belly at the Sunne,
Under ane tree in the fair Forreſt,
Swa came ane trip of Myce out of their neſt,
Right fait and trig, all danſing in ane gyle,
And ouer the Lyon they danſed twiſe or thrise.

Hee lay ſo ſtill, the Myce were not affeird,
But to and fro out ouer him tuke their trace,
Some tirled at the Campes of his beird,
Some ſpared not to claw him on the face,
Mirry and glad thus danſed they ane ſpace,
Till at the laſt the noble Lyon woke,
And with his paw the maiſter Mouſe hee tooke.

Shee gaue ane cry, and all the laue agaſt,
Their danſing left and hid them here and there,
Shee that was tane cryed and weeped faſt,
And ſaid, alas, oft times that ſhee came there,
Now am I tane ane woefull priſoner,
And for my gilt traiſtes incontinent,
Of life and death to thole the judgement.

Then ſpake the Lyon to the carefull Mouſe,
Thou catiue wretch, and vyle vnworthie thing,
Ouer malapart, and eke preſumptuous
Thou was, to make out ouer mee thy tripping.

Knew

Knew thou not well I was both Lord and King,
Of beaſtes all? Yes (quod the Mouſe) I knaw,
But I miſknew becauſe yee lay ſo law.

Lord I beſeech thy kindly Royaltie,
Heare what I ſay, and take in patience,
Conſider firſt my ſimple pouertie,
And ſyne thy mightie hie magnificence,
See alſo how thinges doone of negligence,
Nether of malice nor preſumption,
The rather ſhould haue grace and remiſſion.

Wee were repleit and had great aboundance,
Of all kind thinges, ſic as to vs effeird,
The ſweete ſeaſon prouoked vs to dance,
And make ſic mirth as Nature to vs leird,
Yee lay ſo ſtill, and low vpon the eird,
That by my ſoule wee wend yee had beene dead,
Elſe would wee not haue danſed ouer your head.

Thy falſe excuſe the Lyon ſaid againe,
Shall not auaill an myte I vnder ta:
I put the caſe I had beene dead or ſlaine,
And ſyne my ſkin been ſtopped full of ſtra.
Though thou had found my figure lying ſa,
Becauſe it bare the print of my perſoun,
Thou ſhould for feare on knees haue fallen downe.

For thy treſpaſſe thou ſhall make no defence,
My noble perſon thus to vilipend:
Of thy feirs, nor thine owne negligence,
For to to excuſe, thou can no cauſe pretend,
Therefore thou ſuffer ſhall an ſhamefull end,
And death, ſic as to treaſon is decreet,
Upon the Gallous hanged by the feete.

No

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No mercie Lord, at thy gentrice I as,
As thou art King of beastes coronate:
Sober thy wrath, and let it ouerpasse,
And make thy minde to mercie inclinate:
I grant offence his done to thine estate,
Wherefore I worthie am to suffer dead,
But in thy Kingly mercie make remead.

In euery Judge mercie and reuth should bee,
As Assessours and Collaterall,
Without mercie Justice is crueltie,
As said is in the Lawes speciall,
When rigour sits in the tribunall,
The equitie of Law who may susteene,
Right few or none but mercie gang betweene.

Also yee know the honour triumphall,
Of all victour, upon the strength depends,
Of his conquest, which manly in battell,
Throw jeopardie of weir long defends.
What price or louing when the battell ends,
Is said of him that ouercomes ane man,
Him to defend which neuer may nor can?

Ane thousand Myce to kill and eke deuore,
Is little manhead to ane strong Lyon:
Full little worship haue yee wone therefore,
To whose strength is no comparisoun,
It will degrad some part of your renowne,
To slay ane Mouse which may make no defence,
But asking mercie at your Excellence.

Also it seemes not to your Celsitude,
Which vses daylie meates delicious:
To syle your teeth or lippes with my blude,

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Whilke to your ſtomacke is contagious,
Unhealthsome meat is of ane ſairie Mouſe,
And that namely vnto a ſtrong Lyon.
Wont to bee fed with gentle Venilon.

My life is little worth, my death is leſſe,
Yet if I liue I may peraduenture,
Supplie your Highneſſe being in diſtreſſe,
For oft is ſeene an man of ſmall ſtature,
Reſkewed hes an Lord of hie honour,
Keeped that was in point to bee ouerthrowne,
Throw miſfortune, ſic caſe may bee your owne.

When this was ſaid, the Lyon his language
Praiſed, and thought according to reaſon,
And great mercie his cruel yre to aſſwage,
And to the Mouſe granted remiſſion,
Opened his pole, and ſhee on knees fell downe,
And both her hands vnto the heauen vpheld,
Crying, Almightie God mot you foreyeld.

When ſhee was gone, the Lyon held to hunt,
For hee had nought but liued on his Prey,
And ſlew both tame and wyld as hee was wont,
And in the Countrie made an great deray:
Till at the laſt the people found the way,
This cruell Lyon how that they might take,
Of Hempen cords ſtrong nets could they make.

And in an rod where hee was wont to rin,
With rapes rude from tree to tree it band:
Syne keſt ane range on raw the wood within,
With hornes blaſt, and kennets faſt calland,
The Lyon fled, and throw the Ron rinnand,
Fell in the net, and hankit fute and head,

For

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For all his ſtrength hee could make no remeade.
Waltering about with hiddeous rumiſſing,
Whiles to, whiles fra, that hee might ſuccour get,
But all in vaine, it vailed him nothing,
The more hee ſtang, the faſter was the net,
The rapes rude was ſo about him plet,
On euery ſide, that ſuccour ſaw hee none,
But ſtill lying, and mourning made his mone.

O lamed Lyon, liggand heere ſo law!
Where is the might of thy magnificence?
Of whom all brutall beaſts in the earth ſtude aw,
And dread to luke vpon thine Excellence,
But hope or helpe, but ſuccour or defence,
In bands ſtrong heere mon I ly alace,
Till I bee ſlaine, I ſee none other grace.

There is no way that will mine harmes wreck,
Nor Creature doe comfort to my Croun,
Who ſhall mee beete? who ſhall my bands breck?
Who ſhall mee put from paines of this preſon?
Be hee had made this lamentation,
Throw auenture the little Mouſe came neir,
And of the Lyon heard the pitteous beir.

And ſuddenly it came into her minde,
That it ſhould bee the Lyon did her grace:
And ſaid, Now were I falſe and right vnkind,
But if I quite ſome part of thy gentrice
Thou did to mee: and on this wiſe ſhee gaes,
To her Fellowes, and on them faſt can cry,
Come helpe, come helpe, and they came all in hye.

Loe (quod the Mouſe) this is the ſame Lyon,
That granted grace to mee when I was tane:

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And is now faſt heere bound in a preſon,
Breaking his heart with ſore mourning and mone,
But wee him helpe of ſuccour waits bee none:
Come helpe, to quite an good turne for an other,
Goe lowſe him ſoone, & they ſaid yea gude brother.

They tuke no knife, their teeth was ſharp eneugh,
To ſee that ſight, forſuth it was great wonder:
How that they ran among the rapes teugh,
Before, behind, ſome yeede about, ſome vnder,
And ſhure the rapes of the net in ſunder,
Syne bade him riſe, and hee ſtart vp anone,
And thanked them, ſyne on his wayes is gone.

Now is the Lyon free of all danger,
Lowſe and delyuered to his libertie,
By little beaſtes of ane ſmall power,
As yee haue heard, becauſe that hee had pittie:
(Quod I) Maiſter, is there ane Moralitie,
In this Fable? Yea, ſonne (hee ſaid) right gude.
I pray you ſir (quod I) yee would conclude.

MORALITAS.

AS I ſuppoſe this mighty gay Lyoun,
May ſignifie ane Prince or Emperour,
Ane poteſtate, or yet a King with Croun,
Whilke ſhould bee wakrife, gyde or gouernour,
Of his people that takes no labour,
To rule and ſteir the land, and juſtice keepe,
But lyes ſtill in luſts ſlouth and ſleepe.

The faire Forreſt with leafes lowne and lee,
With Fowles ſang, and flowres ferly ſweete,
Is but the warld and his proſperitie,
As falſe pleaſance mingled with care repleet,
Right as the Roſe with froſt and winter weet,
Fades, ſo doeth the world and them deſaues,
Whilke in their luſts maiſt confidence haues.

Thir little Myce are but the Commountie,

Wanton

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Wanton, vnwiſe without correction,
Their Lords and Princes when that they ſee,
Of Iuſtice make none execution,
They dread nothing to make rebellion,
And diſobey: For why? they ſtand none aw,
That garres them their Soueraignes miſknaw.

By this Fable yee Lords of prudence,
May conſider the vertue of pittie,
And to remit ſometime an great offence,
And mitigate with mercy cruelty,
Oftimes is ſeene ane man of ſmall degree,
Hes quyte an kinbute baith of gude and ill,
As Lord hes done rigour or grace him till.

Wha wats how ſoone Lords of great renowne,
Rolland in worldly luſt and vaine pleaſance:
May bee ouerthrowne, deſtroyed and put downe,
Through falſe fortune? whilke of all variance
Is haill Maſter and leader of the dance,
Till vnjuſt men, and blindes them ſo ſore,
That they no perrill may prouide before.

Thir rurall men that ſtented hes the net,
In whilke the Lyon ſuddenly was tane,
Waited alway amends for to get,
(For hurt men writes in the Marble ſtane)
Mair till expound as now I let alane,
But King and Lord may well wat what I meene,
Figure heereof oftimes hes been ſeene.

When this was ſaid (quod *Eſope*) my fair child,
I thee beſeeke and all men for to pray,
That treaſon of this Country bee exyld,
And Iuſtice raigne, and Lords keepe their fay,
Vnto their Soueraigne King both night and day:
And with that word hee vaniſht, and I awoke
Syne throw the ſhaw my journey hameward tooke.

The preaching of the Swallow.

The high Prudence and working maruellous,
The profound wit of God Omnipotent
Is ſo perfited and ſo ingenious,
Excelland far all mens judgement:
For why? to him thinges is aye preſent,

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Right as it is, ere any time ſhall bee,
Before the ſight of his Diuinitie.

Therefore our ſoule with ſenſualitie,
So fettered is in priſon corporall,
Wee may not clearly vnderſtand nor ſee,
God as hee is, nor thinges Celeſtiall:
Our darke and deadly corps naturall,
Blindes the ſpirituall operation,
Like as an man were bound in priſon.

In Metaphyſicke Ariſtotele ſayes,
That mens ſoule is like ane Backes eye,
Whilke lurkes ſtill as long as light of day is,
And in the gloming comes foorth to flee,
Her eyes are weake, the Sunne ſhee may not ſee,
So is our ſoule with fantaſie oppreſt,
To know the thinges in nature manifeſt.

For God is in his power infinite,
And mans ſoule is feeble and ouer ſmall,
Of vnderſtanding, weake and vnperfite,
To comprehend him that conteines all.
None ſhould preſume by reaſon naturall,
To ſearch the ſecrets of the Trinitie,
But trow firmelie, and let all reaſon bee.

Yet neuertheleſſe wee may haue knowledging,
Of God almightie be his Creatures:
That hee is gude fair wiſe and bening,
Example take by thir jolly floures,
Right ſweet of ſmell, and pleaſant of collours,
Some greene, ſome blew, ſome purpour white, ſome (read
Thus diſtribute by gift of his God-head.
The Firmament painted with ſterns cleare,

From

From Eaſt to Weſt rolland in circle round:
And euerie planet in his proper Spheare,
In mouing making harmonie and ſound:
The Fire, the Air, the Water and the Ground,
Till vnderſtand it is eneugh I wis,
That God in all his workes wittie is.

Luke well the Fiſh that ſwimmes in the ſea,
Luke well in earth, all kind of beſtiall:
The fowles fair, ſo forcely they flee,
Sheddand the Air, with pennes great and ſmall,
Syne looke to man, that hee made laſt of all,
Like to his Image and ſimilitude,
By thir wee know that God is fair and goode.

All Creatures hee made for the behoue
Of man, and to his ſupportation,
Into this earth both vnder and aboue,
In nummer, weight, and dew proportion,
The difference of time, and like ſeaſon,
Concordant till our opportunitie,
As daylie be experience wee may ſee.

The Sommer with his joly mantle greene,
With flours fair furred on euerie ſent:
Whilke Flora goddeſſe of the floures and Queene,
Hes to that Lord, as for his ſeaſon lent,
And Phœbus with his golden beames gent,
Hes purfilled, and painted pleaſantly,
With heat and moyſture ſtilland from the Sky.

Syne Harueſt heat, when Ceres that goddeſſe,
Her barnes beined hes with aboundance:
And Bacchus god of wine renewed hes,
The toome pypes in Italy and France,

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With wines wight, and liquor of pleaſance,
And Copia temporis to fill her horne,
That neuer was full of wheat nor other corne.

Syne Winter wan, when auſterne Eolus,
God of the winde with blaſtes Boreall,
The greene garment of Summer glorious,
Hes all too rent and riuen in pieces ſmall,
The flowres faire faided with froſt mon fall,
And birdes blith changed their notes full ſweet,
In ſtill mourning neir ſlaine, with ſnaw and fleet.

Thir Dales deepe with dubs drowned is,
Both hill and holt hailled with froſtes hair:
And Bewes beene are laiſed bare of blis,
Be wicked windes of the Winter wair:
All wylde beaſtes then from the bent bair,
Drawes for dread vnto their dennes deepe,
Couching for cold in coaues them to keepe.

Syne comes Ver when Winter is away,
The Secretarie of Summer with his Bell:
When Columbine vp keekes throw the clay,
Which ſleed was before with froſtes fell:
The Maueis and the Merle begins to mell,
The Larke on loft with other birdes haill,
Then drawes forth fra derne ouer doun and daill.

The ſame ſeaſon into ane ſoft morning,
Right blyth that bitter blaſtes were agoe:
Vnto the Wood to ſee the floures ſpring,
And heare the Maueis ſing and birds mo,
I paſſed forth, ſyne looked to and fro,
To ſee the ſoyle that was right ſeaſonable,
Sappie, and to receiue all ſeeds able.

Muſing

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Musing thus gate, great mirth I take in mind,
Of labourers to see the busineſſe:
Some making Dyke, and some the pleugh can winde
Some sawing seede fast from place to place:
The harrowes hopping in the sawers trace,
It was great joy to him that loued Corne,
To see them labour both at Euen and Morne.

And as I bade vnder ane banke full beene,
In heart greatly rejoyced at that sight:
Vnto an hedge vnder an hawthorne greene,
Of small birds there came ane ferlie flight:
And downe belyue can on the leafes light,
On euerie side about mee where I stood,
Right maruellous ane mekill multitude.

Among the whilke an Swallow loud can cry,
On that Hawthorne high on the top sittand:
O yee birdes on bewes heere mee by
Yee shall well know and wisely vnderstand,
Where danger is or perrell appearand,
It is great wisedome to prouide before,
It to prouide for dread it hurt you more.

Sir Swallow (quod the Lark) againe and ieugh,
What haue yee seene that causes you to dread,
See yee yon Churle (quod shee) beyond yon pleugh,
Fast sawand hempe and good Linget seed?
Yon Lint will grow in little time in deed,
And thereof will yon Churle his nets make:
Vnder the which hee thinkes vs to take.

Thereof I reade vs passe when hee is gone,
At Euen with our nailes sharpe and small,
Out of the Earth scrape wee yon seed anone,

And eat it vp: for if it growes wee ſhall,
Haue cauſe to weepe hereafter one and all,
Bee wee remeid therefore foorth with inſtante,
Nam levius lædit quicquid prævidimus ante.

For Clarkes ſayes it is not ſufficient,
To conſider that is before thine eye,
But prudence is ane inward argument,
That garres ane man prouide and foreſee,
What gude, what euill is likely for to bee,
Of euery thing behold the finall end,
And ſo from perrell the better him defend.

The Lark laughing, the Swallow thus could ſcorn
And ſaid ſhee fiſhed long before the net:
The Bairne is eith to bucke that is vnborne,
All growes not that in the ground is ſet,
The necke to ſtoupe when it the ſtroke ſhall get,
Is ſoone eneugh: death on the fayeſt fall,
Thus ſcorned they the Swallow ane and all.

Deſpyling thus her haillſome document,
The fowles ferlie tuke their flight anone:
Some with ane bir they braided ouer the bent,
And ſome againe are to the greene-wood gone,
Vpon the Land where I was left alone,
I tuke my club, and home-ward could I carie,
So ferlying as I had ſeene ane Fary.

Thus paſſed foorth till Iune that joly tide.
And ſeeds that were ſawne of before:
Were growne hie, that Haires might them hyde:
And als the Quaillzie craikand in the corne,
I mooued foorth betwirt mid-day and morne,
Vnto an hedge vnder the Hawthorne greene,

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Where I before the ſaid birdes had ſeene.
And as I ſtude by aduenture and caſe,
The ſamine birdes as I haue ſaid you aire:
I hope becauſe it was their hanting place,
Mair of ſuccour, or yet mair ſolitare,
They lighted downe, and when they lighted were,
The Swallow ſweyth put foorth a pitteous pyme,
Said, Woe is him can not beware in tyme.

O blinded birdes and full of negligence,
Unmindfull of your owne proſperitie,
Lift vp your ſight, and take good aduertance,
Luke to the Lint that growes on yon lie,
Yon is the thing I bad forſuith that wee
While it was ſeed, ſhould rute foorth of the eird,
Now it is Lint, now it is hie on bierd.

Goe yet while it is tender and ſo ſmall,
And pull it vp, let it no more increſe,
My fleſh grieues, my bodie quaikes all:
Thinking on it I may not ſleepe in peis.
They cryed all and bade the Swallow ceis,
And ſaid, yon Lint hereafter will doe gude,
For Linget is till little birdes fude.

Wee thinke when that yon Lint-bowes are ripe,
To make vs feaſt and fill vs of the ſeede:
Maugre yon Churle, and on it ſing and pipe,
Well (quod the Swallow) friendes hardlie beede,
Doe as yee will, but certaine ſore I dreed,
Heereafter yee ſhall finde als ſowre as ſweete,
When yee are ſpelded on yon Churles ſpeet.

The awner of that Lint a Fowler is,
Right cautelous, and full of ſubtiltie:

His

His Prey full seldome times will he mis,
But if wee birds all the warer bee:
For many of our kinde hes hee gart die,
And thought it but a spoyt to spill their bluide,
God keepe mee from him and the holy Rude.

Thir small birdes hauing but little thought,
Of perrill that might fall by auenture:
The counsell of the Swallow set at nought,
But tuke their flight and fooyth together fure,
Some to the Wood, some marked to the Mure.
I tuke my staf when this was said and done,
And walked home for it drew neere the noone.

The Lint ryped, the Churle pulled the Lyne,
Ripled the bolles, and in beites it set:
It steeped in the burne, and dryed syne,
And with ane beittel knocked it and bet,
Syne swyngled it well, and heckled in the flet:
His wife it span, and twinde it into threede,
Of whilke the Fowlar nettes made in vsede.

The Winter came, the wicked wind can blaw,
The woods greene were wallowed with the weet:
Both firth and fell with frostes were made faw,
Slonkes and slaik made slidderie with the sleet:
The Fowles faire for fait they fell off feete.
On hewes bare it was no but to hyde,
But hyed into houses them to hyde.

Some in the barne, some in the stacke of corne,
Their ludging tuke, and made their residence,
The Fowlar saw, and great oathes hes sworne,
They should bee tane truelie for their expence:
His nets hes hee set with diligence.

And

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And in the ſnow hee ſhulled hes ane plaine,
And heilled it all ouer with caffe againe.

Thir ſmall birdes ſeeing the caffe were glad,
Trowing it had been corne, they lighted downe,
But of the nets no preſume they had,
Nor of the Fowlars falſe intention,
To ſcrape & ſeeke their meit they made them bown,
The Swallow on an little branch neir by,
Dreading for guyle, thus lowde on them could cry.

Into that caffe, ſcrape, while your nailes bleed,
There is no corne yee labour all in vaine,
Trow yee yon Churle for pittie will you feed:
Na, na, hee hes it heere laid for ane traine,
Remoue I reed, or elſe yee will bee ſlaine:
His nets hee hes ſet full priuilie,
Readie to draw in time beware for thy.

Great foole is hee that puts in danger
His life, his honour for a thing of nought:
Great foole is hee that will not gladly heare,
Counſell in tyme, while it auaile him mought,
But thinges preſent, and after what may fall,
Nor of the end hes no memoriall.

The ſmall birds for hunger famiſht neere,
For buſie ſcraiping for to ſeeke their fude:
The counſell of the Swallow would not heir,
Suppoſe their labour did them little gude,
When ſhee their fooliſh heartes underſtude,
So indurate, vp in an tree ſhee flew,
With that this Churle ouer them his nets drew.

Alas, it was great heart ſore to ſee,

That

That bludie boucher beat thir birds downe,
And for to heare, when they knew well to die,
Their carefull ſong and lamentatioun,
Some with a ſtaffe hee ſtrake to earth on ſwoun,
Of ſome the head he ſtrak, of ſome he brak ye craige,
Some halfe aliue he ſtopped in his bag.

And when the Swallow ſaw ye they were dead,
Loe (quod ſhee) thus it happens many layes:
Of them that will not take counſell, nor read
Of prudent men, nor Clerkes that are wiſe,
This great perrell I tolde them more nor thriſe,
Now they are dead, and woe is mee therefore.
Shee tooke her flight, but I ſaw her no more.

MORALITAS.

LO worthie folke, Eſope that noble Clarke,
An poet worthie to bee Lawreat:
When that hee vaked fra mair autentik wark,
With other ma, this foreſaid Fable wrat,
Whilke at this time may well be applicat,
To gude morall edification,
Hauing an ſentence according to reaſon.

This Churle and bond of gentrice ſpoliat,
Sawand this caffe thir ſmall birds to ſla:
It is the Fiend, whilke from the Angelike ſtate,
Exyled is as falſe Apoſtata:
Whilke day and night weiries not for to ga,
Sawand poyſon in many wicked thought,
In mans ſaul whilk Chriſt full deare hes bought.

And when the ſaul as ſeed into the eird,
Giues conſent vnto delection,
The wicked thought beginnes for to breird,
In deadly ſinne, whilke is damnation:
Reaſon is blinded with affection,
And carnall luſtes growes full greene and gay,
Throw conſuetude haunted from day to day.

Proceeding foorth by vſe and conſuetude,
The ſin rypes and ſhame is ſet on ſide:

The

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The Fiend plets his nets ſharpe and rude,
And vnder pleaſance priuily does hide,
Syne on the field hee ſawes caffe full wyde,
Whilke is but toome and very vanity,
Of fleſhlie luſt and vane proſperity.

Thir hungerie birdes wretches wee may call,
Aye ſcraping in this world vaine pleaſance,
Greedie to gather goods temporall,
Whilke as the caffe are toome without ſubſtance
Little of availe, and full of varience,
Like to the mow before the face of winde,
Whiskes away and makes wretches blind.

This Swallow whilke eſcaped hes the ſnare,
The holy Preacher well may ſignifie,
Exhortand folke to wake and aye bee ware,
From Nets of our wicked enemie,
Wha ſleepes not but euer is readie,
When wretches in this world caffe doth ſcrape,
To draw his Net that they may not eſcape.

Alas, what care, what weeping and what woes,
When ſaul and bodie parted is in twaine:
The bodie to the wormes Kitching goes,
The ſaul to fire and euerlaſting paine,
What helpes then this caffe, thir gudes vaine,
When thou art put in Lucifers bag,
And brought to hell and hanged be the craig?

Thir hid Nets for to perſaue and ſee,
This ſarie caffe wiſely to vnderſtand,
Beſt is be ware, in maiſt proſperitie,
For in this world there is nothing laſtand,
Is na man ware how long his ſtate will ſtand,
His life will laſt, nor how that hee ſhall end,
After his death nor whither hee ſhall wend.

Pray wee therefore while wee are in this life,
For foure thinges. The firſt from ſinne remoue:
The ſecond is from all weir and ſtrife:
The thrid is perfite Charitie and Loue:
The fourth thing is and maiſt for our behoue,
That is in bleſſe with Angels to be fellow.
And thus endes the preaching of the Swallow.

The

The Tale of the Wolfe that gat the necke-herring, throw the wrinkes of the Foxe that begyled the Cadger.

SOmetime there winned in an Wilderneſſe,
(As mine Author expreſſie can declare)
Ane reauand Wolfe that liued vpon purches,
On beſtiall, and made him well to fare,
Was none ſo big about him hee would ſpare,
If hee were hungrie either for fauour or fead,
But in his wrath hee wirried them to dead.

So hapned him in watching as hee went,
To meete ane Fore in midſ of the way:
Hee him foreſaw, and feinzed to bee ſhent,
And with ane becke hee bade the Wolfe gude-day,
Welcome to mee (quod hee) thou Ruſſel gray.
Syne lowted downe, and tooke him by the hand,
Riſe vp Lawrence I lieue thee for to ſtand.

Where haſt thou beene this ſeaſon from my ſight?
Thou ſhall beare office, and my ſteward bee,
For thou can knap downe Capons on the night,
And lowring low thou can gar Hennes die,
Sir (ſaid the Fore) that ganes not for mee,
And I am reede if they ſee mee on far,
That at my figure beaſte and bird will fear.

No (quod the Wolfe) thou can in couert creepe,
Vpon thy wombe, and hint them by the head,
And make ane ſudden ſhew vpon ane ſheepe,
Syne with thy wapins wirrie him to dead.
Sir (ſaid the Fore) yee know my robe is reade:
And therefore there will no beaſt abyde mee,
Though I would bee ſo falſe as for to byde mee.
Yes (quod ye Wolfe) throw buſhes & throw brayes,

Law

Law can thou lowze to come to thine intent.
Sir (ſaid the Fore) yee wate well how it gaes,
Ane long ſpace from them they will feill my ſent,
They will not ſcape, ſuppoſe I ſhould bee ſhent,
And I am ſhamefull for to come behind them,
Into the field, though I ſhould ſleeping find them.

No (quod the Wolfe) thou can come on the wind,
For euerie wzinke forſuith thou hes ane wyle:
Sir (ſaid the Fore) that beaſte yee may call blind,
That might not eſcape then from mee ane myle,
How might I one of them that wayes begyle?
My tipped two eares and my two gray eene,
Garres mee bee kend where I was neuer ſeene.

Then (ſaid the Wolfe) Lawrence I heare thee lie,
And caſtes for perrils thy ginnes for to defend,
But all thy ſonzies ſhall not auail thee,
About the bus with wayes though thou wend,
Falſet will failzie aye at the latter end:
To bow at bidding, and bide not while thou breſt,
Therefore I giue thee counſell for the beſt.

Sir (ſaid the Fore) it is Lentren yee ſee,
And I can neither fiſh with huke nor net:
To take ane banſtickle, though wee both ſhould die,
I haue none other craft to win my meat,
But were it Paſhe that men might poultrie eate,
As Kids, Lambes, or Capons into ply,
To beare your office, then would I not ſet by.

Then ſaid the Wolfe, in wrath, weins thou with (wyles
And with thy many mowes mee to meat:
It is ane olde Dog doubtleſſe that thou begyles,
Thou weines to drawe the fira before the Cat.

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Sir (ſaid the Fore) God wait I meene not that,
For and I did, it were well worth that yee,
In ane red raip had tyed mee till an tree.

But now I ſee hee is ane foole perfay,
That with his maſter falles in reaſoning:
I did but till aſſay what yee would ſay,
God wait my minde was on ane other thing,
I ſhall fulfill in all thinges your bidding,
What euer yee charge on nights or on dayes.
Well (quod the Wolfe) I heare well what thou ſayes.

But yet I will thou make to mee ane aith,
For to bee leill attour all liuing leid.
Sir (ſaid the Fore) that ane word maks mee wrath,
For now I ſee yee haue at mee ane dread,
Yet ſhall I ſweir, ſuppoſe it bee nought need.
By Iupiter, and on paines of mine head,
I ſhall bee trew to you, whill I bee dead.

With that a Cadgear, with capill and with creils
Came carping foorth, then Lawrence could him ſpy,
The Fore the flewer of the freſh Herring feils,
And to the Wolfe hee roundes priuilly,
Sir, yon are Herring the Cadgear carries by,
Therefore I reid, that wee ſee for ſome wayes,
To get ſome fiſh againſt thir faſting dayes.

Sen I am Stewart, I would wee had ſome ſtuffe,
And yee are ſiluer-ſeike I wate right well:
Though yee would thig, yon verie Churliſh chuffe,
Hee will not giue vs ane Herring of his Creill,
Before yon Churle on knees though wee ſhould kneil,
But yet I trow alſoone that yee ſhall ſee,
If I haue craft to bleir yon Carles Ee.

Sir,

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Sir, ane thing is, and wee get of yon pelfe,
Yee mon make trauell, and make vs ſome ſupplie,
For yee that will not labour, and helpe him ſelfe,
Into thir dayes yee is not worth a flee,
I thinke to worke als buſie as a Bee,
And ye ſhall follow a little afterwart,
And gadder Herring for that ſhall bee your part.

With that hee caſt ane compaſſe farre about,
And ſtraught him downe in the mids of the way:
As hee were dead, hee fenzeit him but doubt.
And then vpon length vnliklie lay,
The whyte hee turned vp of his Eene tway,
His tongue out hang an hand-braid of his head,
And ſtill hee lay as ſtraught as hee were dead.

The Cadgear fand the Fore, and hee was faine,
And to himſelfe thus ſoftly could hee ſay,
At the next bayte in faith yee ſhall bee ſlaine,
And of your ſkinne I ſhall make Mittaines tway,
Hee lap full lightly about him where hee lay,
And all the trace hee tripped on his taes,
As hee had heard a Pyper play hee gaes.

Heere lyes the Deuill (quod hee) dead at a dyke,
Sic an ſelcouth ſaw I not this ſeuen yeere:
I trow yee haue been tuſſelled with ſome tyke,
That garres you ly ſo ſtill withoutten ſteir,
Sir Fore in faith yee are deir welcome heir.
It is ſome wyues maliſoun I trow,
For Poultrie pyking that lighted hes on you.

There ſhall no Pedder, for purſe nor yet for gluifs,
Nor yet for points, pyke your pellet from mee,
I ſhall of it make mittaines to my luifes,

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Till hold mine handes hote where euer I bee,
Till Flanders ſhall it neuer ſaile the Sea,
With that in hy hee hint him by the heilles,
And with an ſwacke he ſwang him on the Creilles.

Syne by the head the horſe in hy hes hint,
The fraudfull Fore thereto gude tent hes tane,
And with his teeth the ſtoppell or hee ſtint,
Pulled out, and ſyne the herring ane and ane,
Out of the Creilles hee ſwacked downe gude wane,
The Wolfe was ware and gathered ſpeedily,
The Cadgear ſang, Hunts, vp, vp vpon hie.

Yet at ane burne the Cadgear luked about,
With that the Fore lap quite the Creilles fra:
The Cadgeare would haue caught the Fore a rout,
But all for nought, hee wane his hole that day.
Then with an ſhout the Cadgear thus can ſay,
Abide and thou ane necke-Herring ſhalt haue,
Is woorth my Capill, creilles, and all the laue.

Now (quod the Fore) I ſhew me and we meet:
I hard what thou heght to doe with my ſkin:
Thine hands ſhall neuer in theſe mittaines tak heet,
And thou were hanged Carle and all thy kin:
Doe forth thy mercate, at mee thou ſhalt not win,
And ſell thine Herring, thou haſt there till hie price,
Elſe thou ſhall win nought on thy merchandice.

The Cadgear trimbled for tein where y^e^ hee ſtude,
It is worthie (quod hee) I want yon Tyke,
That had not in mine hand ſo meikle gude,
As ſtaffe or ſting, yon trouker for to ſtryke,
With that lightly hee lape out ouer ane Dyke.
And hacked downe ane ſtaffe, for hee was teene,

That

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That heauie was, and of the Holine greene.
With that the Fore vnto the Wolfe could wend
And fand him by the Herring where hee lyes,
Sir (ſaid he then) made I not fair defend,
Ane wight man wanted neuer, and hee were wiſe,
Ane hardie heart is hard for to ſurpriſe.
Then (ſaid the Wolfe) thou art a bairne full bold,
And wiſe at will, in good time bee it told.

But what was yon the Carle cryed on hie,
And ſhuke his hand (quod hee) haſt thou not ſtell?
Sir (ſaid the Fore) that can I tell truely,
Hee ſaid the neck-herring was in the Creill:
Kennes thou that Herring? Yea ſir I ken it well,
And at the Creill mouth I had it thriſe but doubt,
The weight of it neere tuke my tuſkes out.

No ſurely ſir, might wee that herring fang,
It would to vs be fiſh thir fortie dayes:
Then ſaid the Wolfe, Now God nor that I hang,
But to be there I would giue all my claithes,
To ſee if that my wapins might it raiſe.
Sir (ſaid the Fore) God wat I wiſhed you oft,
When that my pith might not beare it on loft.

It is ane ſyde of Salmond as it were,
And collour pying like ane Pertricke eye:
It is worth all the Herring yee haue there,
Yea, and wee had it ſo, it is worth ſik three:
Then (ſaid the Wolfe) what counſell giues thou mee?
Sir (ſaid the Fore) worke after my deuiſe,
And yee ſhall haue it, and take you no ſuppriſe.

Firſt yee mon caſt a compaſſe far about,
Syne ſtraught you downe in middeſt of the way,

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Both head and feete, and taill yee mon ſtreike out,
Hing foorth your tong, & cloſe weill your eene tway,
Syne ſee your head on an hard place yee lay:
And doubt not for no perrell may appeir,
But hold you cloſe, when that the Carle comes neir.

And though yee ſee an ſtaffe, haue yee no dout,
But hold you wonder ſtill into that ſteid,
And luke your eene bee cloſe, as they were out,
And ſee that yee ſhrinke nouther fute, noꝛ head,
Then will the Cadgear Carle trow yee bee dead,
And intill haſte will hint you by the heilles,
As hee did mee, and ſwacke you on his creilles.

Now (quod the Wolfe) I ſweir thee by my thrift:
I trow yon Cadgear Carle dow not mee beire.
Sir (ſaid the Fore) on loft hee will you lift,
Upon his Creilles, and doe him little deir,
But ane thing dare I ſuithly to you ſweir,
Get yee that Herring ſicker in ſome place
Yee ſhall not fare in fiſhing moꝛe whill Paſche.

I ſhall ſay in principio vpon you,
And croſſe your coꝛpes from the tope, to the tay,
Mend when yee will I dar bee warrand now,
That yee ſhall die no ſudden death this day,
With that the Wolfe gird vp ſoone and to gay,
And caſt ane compaſſe about the Cadgear far,
Syne ſtraught him in the gate oꝛ hee come nar.

Hee laid his halfe heid ſicker hard and ſad,
Syne ſtraught his foure feet from him and his head,
And hang his tongue euen as the Fore him bad,
Als ſtill hee lay as hee were verie dead.
Reckand nothing of his fauour oꝛ fead,

But

But euer vpon the Neck-herring hee thinkes,
And quite forgets the Fore and all his wrinkes.

With that the Cadgear wauering as the wind,
Came rydand on the lade, for it was light.
Thinkand aye on the Fore that was behinde,
Upon what wiſe revenge him beſt hee might:
And at the laſt of the Wolfe gat ane ſight,
Where hee in length lay ſtreiked in the gait,
But if hee lighted downe or not God wate.

Softlie hee ſaid, I'was begyled once,
Bee I begyled twyſe, I ſhrew vs baith,
That euill but it ſhall light vpon thy bones,
Yee ſhould haue had that hes done mee the ſkaith,
On hight hee hooued the ſtaffe, for hee was wraith,
And hit him with ſic will vpon the heid,
Whill neir hee ſwouned, and ſwelt into that ſteid.

Three battes hee bure, or hee his feet might find,
But yet the Wolfe was wight, and wan away,
Hee might not ſee, hee was ſo verie blind,
Nor yet wiſt reddilie quhither it was night or day,
The Fore beheld that ſeruice where hee lay,
And leugh on loft, when hee the Wolfe ſo ſees,
Both deiſe and doſened fall ſwouning on his knees.

Hee that of reaſon can not bee content,
But couets all, is able all to tyne,
The Fore when that hee ſaw the Wolfe was ſhent,
Said to himſelfe, thir Herring ſhall be mine,
I lie, or elſe hee was afterward fyne,
That found ſic wayes his maſter for to grieue,
With all the fifh thus Lawrence tuke his lieue.
The Wolfe was neir weill dung vnto the dead,

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That ſkarcelie with his life away hee wan:
For with the batton well broken was his head,
The Foxe vnto his den ſoone drew him then,
That had betrayed his maſter and the man:
The one wanted the Herring off the Creilles,
The others blude was running ouer his heilles.

MORALITAS.

THis Tale is mingled with Moralitie,
As I ſhall ſhew ſome what ere that I ceaſe,
The Foxe vnto the world may likned bee,
The reauand Wolfe vnto an man but lies,
The Cadgear death, whom vnder all men preis,
That euer tuke life, throw courſe of kind mon die,
As men and beaſt, and fiſhe into the ſey.

The warld yee wate is Stewart to the man,
Whilke makes man to haue no kind of dread:
But ſets for winning all the craftes they can:
The Herring I liken vnto the gold ſo read,
Whilke gart the Wolfe in peril put his head,
Right ſo the gold garres lands and cities,
With warre bee waſted daylie as men ſees.

And as the Foxe with diſſimulance and guyle,
Gart the Wolfe wene to haue worſhip for euer,
Right ſo this world with vaine glore for a while,
Flatters with folke as they ſhould failzie neuer:
Yet ſuddenly men ſees it oft diſſeuer,
With them that trowes oft to fill the ſecke,
Death comes behind and nips them by the necke.

The might of gold makes many men ſo blind,
That ſets on auarice their felicitie:
Then they forget the Cadgear comes behind,
To ſtryke them, of what ſtate ſoeuer they bee,
What is mair darke than blind proſperitie,
Wherefore I counſell mightie men to minde,
On the Neck herring interpret in his minde.

The Tale of the Foxe that begyled the Wolfe in the ſhadow of the Moone.

In

IN Elders dayes as Eſope can declare,
There was an Husband that had ane pleugh to
His vſe was aye in morning to riſe aire, (ſteir,
So hapned him in ſtreiking tyme of yeir,
Airlie in the morning to follow fooyth his feir,
Unto the pleugh, but his Gad-man and hee,
His ſtots, hee ſtraught with Benedicite.

The caller cryed: How, haike vpon hight,
Hald draught my dowes, ſyne vroded them ful ſair,
The oxen was vnuſed, young and light,
And for fearcenеſſe they could the fure forfraire,
The Huſband then wore angrie as an Hair,
Syne cryed, and caſt his pattell and great ſtanes,
The Wolfe (quod hee) mot haue you all at anes.

But yet the Wolfe was neerer nor hee wend,
For in ane buſh hee lay and Lawrence baith,
In ane rough Rone was at the fures end,
And heard the beght: then Lawrence leugh ful raith,
To take yon bud (quod hee) it were no ſkaith,
Well (quod the Wolfe) I beght thee by mine hand,
Yon Carles word as hee were King ſhall ſtand.

The Oxen wared more rewlie at the laſt,
Syne after they louſed fra that it wrought well late,
The Husband homeward with his cattell paſt.
Then ſoone the Wolfe came hirpling in his gate,
Before the Oxen and ſhupe to make debate:
The Husband ſaw him, & wrought ſome deil againſt,
And backeward with his beaſtes wald haue paſt.

The Wolfe ſaid, Whither dryues thou this Prey?
I challenge it, for none of them are thine:
The man therefore was in an felloun fray,

And ſoberlie the Wolfe anſwered ſyne,
Sir by my ſoule thir Oxen all are mine:
Therefore I ſtudie why yee ſhould ſtop mee,
Sen that I faulted neuer to you truelie.

The Wolfe ſaid, Carle gaue thou not mee this drift
Airlie, when thou was eirand on yon banke?
And is there ought ſayes thou, freer nor gift;
This tarying will tyne thee all thy thanke,
Far better is freelie for to giue ane planke,
Nor bee compelled on force to giue ane marke,
Fy on the freedome that comes not with ane heart.

Sir (quod the Huſband) an man may ſay in griefe
And ſyne gainſay, fra hee auiſe and ſee:
I heght to ſteill, am I therefore an Theife?
God forbide ſir, all heghts ſhould holden bee,
Gaue I mine hand, or obliſſing (quod hee)
Or haue yee witneſſe, or write for to ſhawe?
Sir reaue mee not, but goe and ſeeke the Lawe?

Carle (quod the Wolfe) a Lord and hee bee leil,
That ſhrinkes for ſhame or doubts to bee reprooued,
His ſaw is aye as ſicker as his ſeile,
Fy on the Leed that is not Leill and loued:
Thine argument is falſe and eke contruſed,
For it is ſaid in prouerbe but Lawtie,
All other vertewes are not worth an flee.

Sir (ſaid the Husband) remember of this thing,
An leil man is not tane at halfe his tale:
I may ſay and gaine ſay, I am no King,
Where is your witnes that heard I heght them hail?
Then ſaid the Wolfe therefore it ſhall not faill,
Lawrence (quod hee) come hither off that ſhaw,

And

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And ſay nothing, but as thou heard and ſaw.
Lawrence come lowrand for hee loued neuer light
And ſoone appeared before them in the place:
The man leught nothing when hee ſaw that ſight,
Lawrence (quod the Wolfe) thou mon declair the caſe
Whereof wee ſhall ſhaw thee ſuth in ſhort ſpace,
I call on thee leil witneſſe for to beare,
What heard thou this man heght mee not long eare.

Sir (quod the Tod) I cannot haſtelie,
So ſoone as now giue the ſentence finall:
But would yee baith ſubmit you heere to mee,
To ſtand at my decreit perpetuall,
To pleaſe both I ſhould preiue if it may fall,
Well (quod the Wolfe) I am content for mee,
The man ſaid, ſo am I how euer it bee.

Then ſhew they foorth their allegeance but fable,
And both proponed their pley to him compleit,
(Quod Lawrence) now am I an Judge amiable,
Yee ſhall bee ſwoorne to ſtand at my decreit,
Whither heereafter yee thinke it ſowre or ſweit,
The Wolfe braid foorth his fute, the Man his hand,
And on the Tods taile ſwoorne they are to ſtand.

Then tuke the Tod the Man foorth to ane ſide,
And ſaid to him, friend thou art in blunder broght:
The Wolfe will not forgiue thee an Ore hyde,
Yet would my ſelfe faine helpe thee and I mought,
But I am laith to hurt my conſcience ought,
Tyne no thy querrell in thine owne defence,
This will not throw but great coſt and expence.

Seeſt thou not buds beirs bairnes throw,
And gifts gars crucked matters hold full euen:

Some-

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Sometimes an Hen holds a man in a Kow,
All are not holy that heaues their hands to heauen,
Sir (ſaid the man) yee ſhall haue ſare or ſeauen,
Right of the fatteſt hennes of all the flocke,
I compt not all the laue, leaue mee the Cocke.

I am an Judge (quod Lawrence) then and leugh,
There is no buds ſhould beare mee by the right,
I may take hennes and Capons well eneugh,
For God is gone to ſleepe as for this night:
Sic ſmall thinges are not ſeene in his ſight,
Thir Hens (quod hee) ſhall make my quarrell ſure,
With emptie hand no man ſhould halkes lure.

Concordant thus, then Lawrence tuke his leife,
And to the Wolfe hee went into an ling,
Syne priuily hee pluckt him by the ſleiue,
Is this in earneſt (quod hee) yee aske ſic thing?
No by my ſoule I trow it bee in hathing.
Then ſaid the wolfe, Lawrence why ſayes thou ſa?
Thou heard the heght thyſelfe that hee could ma.

The heght (quod hee) yon man made at the pleugh,
Is that the cauſe why yee the cattell craue?
Halfe into hething (ſaid Lawrence) then and leugh,
Sir by the Rude vnrocked now yee raue.
The deuill a ſtirke taille therefore ſhall yee haue,
Would I take it vpon my conſcience,
To doe ſo poore a man as yon offence?

Yet haue I commoned with the Carle (quod he)
Wee are concordit vpon this cunnand:
Quite of all clames ſo yee make him free,
Yee ſhall an Cabok haue into your hand,
That ſic an ſhall not be in all in this land.

For

For it is Summer chees both freſh and fair,
Hee ſays it weis ane ſtane and ſome deill mair.

Is that thy counſell (quod the Wolfe) I doe,
That yon Carle for an Cabok ſhould bee free?
Yea, by my ſoule, and I were ſworne you to,
Yee ſhould none other counſell haue for mee:
For gang yee to the maiſt extremitie,
I will not win you worth a widdered neep,
Sir trow yee not I haue a ſaule to keepe.

Well (quod the Wolfe) it is againſt thy will,
That yon Carle for a Caboke ſhould goe quite:
Sir (quod the Tod) yee take it in none ill,
For by my ſoule your ſelfe had all the wite.
Then ſaid the Wolfe I bid na mair to ſtite,
But I would ſee yon Cabok of ſic pryes.
Sir ſaid the Tod, hee told mee where it lies.

Then hand in hand they held vnto an hill:
The Husband to his houſe hes tane the way:
For hee was faine hee ſcaped from their ill,
And on his feete woke the doore while day.
Now will wee turne vnto the other tway,
Throw woods waſte thir freekes on fute can fair,
From bus to bus, while neare midnight and mair.

Lawrence was euer remembring vpon wrinkes,
And ſubtilties the Wife for to begyle:
That hee had beght an Caboke hee forthinkes,
Yet at the laſt hee finds foorth a wyle,
Then at himſelfe ſoftly could hee ſmyle,
The Wolfe ſaid, Lawrence thou playes belly blind,
Wee ſeeke all night, but nothing can wee finde.
Sir ſaid the Tod, wee are at it almaiſt,

Soft

Soft you a little and yee ſhall ſee it ſoone,
Then to an Manor place they hyed in haſte,
The night was light and pennie full the Moone,
Then to the draw-well thir ſigneours paſt but boone,
Where that two buckets ſeuerall ſuithly hang,
As one came vp, the other downe would gang.

The ſhadow of the Moone ſhune in the Well,
Sir ſaid Lawrence, once yee ſhall find mee leil:
Now ſee yee not the Caboke well your ſell,
White as an neep, and round as any ſeill,
Hee hang it yonder that no man ſhould it ſteill,
Sir traiſt yee well, yon Caboke yee ſee hing,
Might bee an preſent to a Lord or King.

Na (quod the Wolfe) might I yon Caboke haue,
On the dry land as I it yonder ſee,
I would quyte-clame the Carle of all the laue,
His darf Oren I compt them not a flee:
Yon were mair meete for ſike a man as mee:
Lawrence (quod hee) leap in the Bucket ſoone,
And I ſhall hald the an white thou haue doone.

Lawrence gird downe both ſoone and ſubtilie,
The other bade aboue and held the ſtaill:
It is ſo meekle quod Lawrence it maſters mee,
On all my taes it hes not left an naill,
Yee mon make help, vpward and it haill.
Leape in the other Bucket haſtely,
And come downe ſoone and make mee ſome ſupplie.

Then lightly in the Bucket lap the Lowne,
His weight but weir the other end gart ryſe,
The Tod came haſting vp, the Wolfe went downe,
Then angerly the Wolfe vpon him cryes,

I

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I command thus downe why thou vpward hyes?
Sir quod the Tod, thus faires it of Foxtoun:
As one goes vp, thee wheiles another downe.

Then to the ground ſoone yeed the Wolfe in haſt
The Tod lay on land as blyth as any bell:
And left the Wolfe in water to the waiſt,
Who hailed him out I wate not of the well.
Heere ends the tert, I haue no moze to tell,
Yet men may finde a good Moralitie,
In this ſentence, though it an Fable hee.

MORALITAS.

THis Wolfe I licken to ane wicked man,
Whilke does the poore oppreſſe in euerie place,
And pykes at them all quarrels that hee can;
By rigour, reaſe, and other wickedneſſe,
The Foxe the Fiend I call into this caſe,
Aſtand ilke man to rin vnrighteous rinkes,
Thinkand therethrow to locke him in his linkes.

The Huſband may bee called an godly man,
With whom the Fiend fault finds, as Clarkes reids,
Buſie to tempt him with all the wayes hee can,
The hens are warkes that fra firme faith proceids,
Where ſike ſprouts ſpreds the euil ſpreit there not ſpeids,
But wends unto the wicked man againe,
That hee hes tint his trauaill is full vnfaine.

The woods waſte wherein was the Wolfe wyld,
Are wicked riches whilke all men gapes to get:
Wha traiſtes in ſik troyſteritie are oft begyld,
For Mammon may bee called the Deuills net,
Whilke Satanas for all ſinfull hes ſet,
With proud pleaſure wha ſets his truſt therein,
But ſpeciall grace lightly can not out win.

The Caboke may bee called Couetice,
Whilke bloomes braid in euery mans eye:
Wa worth the Well of that wicked vice,
For all is but fraude and fantaſie.

Dryuand

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Dryuand ilke man to leip in the butterie,
That downeward drawes vnto the paine of hell,
Chriſt keepe all Chriſtians from that wicked well.

The Tale of the Wolfe and the Wedder.

SOme time there was (as Eſope can repoꝛt)
A ſheepheard dwelling by a Forreſt neir,
Whilke had ane hound that did him great comfoꝛt,
Full ware hee was to wake his fauld but weir,
That neither Wolfe nor Wyld-cat durſt appeir,
Nor Foxe on field, noꝛ yet none other beaſt,
But hee them ſlew, oꝛ chaſed at the leaſt.

So happened it (as euerilk beaſt mon die)
This hound of ſudden ſeikneſſe to bee deid.
But then (God wait) the keiper of the ſie,
Foꝛ verie woe wore wanner noꝛ the weid,
Allace (quod hee) now ſee I no remeid,
To ſaue the ſillie beaſtes that I keepe,
For wite the Wolfe, wirried beis all my ſheepe.

It would haue made an haill heart ſore to ſee,
The ſillie ſheepheards lamentation:
Now is my Darling dead alas (quod hee)
Foꝛ now to beg my bꝛead I may bee bowne,
With pyk-ſtaffe and with ſcripe to faire off towne,
Foꝛ all the beaſtes before that bandoned beene,
Will ſhute vpon my beaſtes with yꝛe and teene.

With that an Wedder wightlie wan on ſute,
Maſter, quod hee, make merry and be blyth:
To bꝛeake your heart foꝛ baill it is no bute,
Foꝛ a dead Dog, yee no care on you kyth,
Goe fetch him hither and flea his skin off ſwyth,
Syne ſow it on mee, and luke that it bee meet,
Both head and craig, bodie, taill and feete.

Then

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Then will the Wolfe trow well that I am hee,
For I ſhall follow him faſt where euer hee fair,
All haill the cure I take it vpon mee,
Your ſheepe to keepe at mid-day lait and air.
And hee perſew, by God I ſhall not ſpaire,
To follow him as faſt as did your Dog,
Swa that I warrand, yee ſhall not want an Hog.

Then ſaid the Sheepheard, this came of ane gude (wit
Thy counſell is both ſicker, leil and trew:
Who ſayes ane ſheepe is daft, they lie of it,
With that in hy the Dogges ſkinne off hee ſlew,
And on the ſheepe right ſoftly could it ſew,
Then worth the Wedder wanton of his weid.
Now of the Wolfe (quod hee) I haue no dreid.

In all thinges hee counterfait the Dog,
For all the night hee ſtude and tuke no ſleepe,
Swa that weill long there wanted not ane Hog;
So war hee was, and wakrife them to keepe,
That Lawrence durſt not luke vpon ane ſheepe,
For and hee did, hee followed him ſo faſt,
That of his life hee made him all agaſt.

Was neither Wolfe, Wyldcat, nor yet Tod,
Durſt come within thay bounds all about,
But hee would chaſe him both throw rough & ſhod,
Thay bailefull beiſts had of their liues like doubt:
For hee was meekle, and ſeemed to bee ſtout,
That euerilke beaſt there dred him as the deid,
Within that Wood that none durſt hold their heid.

Yet happened there an hungerie Wolfe to ſlide,
Out throw his ſheepe, where they lay on an lie,
I ſhall haue one (quod hee) what euer betyde,

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Though I bee werryed for hunger or I die,
With that an Lambe intill his clinke hint hee,
The laue start vp for they were all agast,
But God wat if the Wedder followed fast.

Went neuer hound mare hastely from the hand,
When hee was rinnand maist rackly at the Rae:
Nor went this Wedder baith throw Mos & strand,
And stopped nouther at Banke, bus nor hae,
But followed ay so fiercely on his fae,
With sik ane mist whill dust & dirt ouerdrane him,
And made a vow to God that hee should haue him.

With that the Wolfe let out his taile on length,
Fra hee was hungrie, and it drew neir the euen,
And shupe him for to rin with all his strength,
Fra hee the Wedder so neir cummand had seene,
Hee dred his life, and hee ouertane had beene,
Therefore he spared nouther bus nor bog,
For well he kend the keinnesse of the Dog.

To make him light, hee cast the Lambe him fra,
Syne lape ouer leyes and drane throw dub and myre,
No (quod the Wedder) in faith wee part not swa,
It is not the Lambe, it is thee that I desire,
I shall come neir, for now I see thee tyre.
The Wolfe ran still, whill an strand stude behind,
But aye the neerer the Wedder hee couth him bind.

Soone after that, hee followed him so neir,
Whill that the Wolfe for fiedneese spied the field,
Syne left the gate, and ran throw bus and breir,
And shupe him from the shawes for to shield,
Hee ran restlesse, for hee wist of no bield,
The Wedder followed fast both out and in,

Whill

Whill that an bus raue rudely off his skin.
The Wolfe was ware, and blenked him behind
And saw the Wedder com thrawand throw ye lyer
Syne saw the Doggskin hingand on his lind:
No (quoth hee) is this yee that is so neere?
Right-now an Hound, and now white as Frier,
I fled ouer farre and I had kend the cace,
To God I vow that yee shall rew this race.

What was the cause yee gaue mee sic a katch,
With that in hy, hee hint him by the horne:
For all your motives yee met anes with your matth,
Suppose yee leugh mee all this yeere to scorne,
For what enchesson this Dogs skin haue ye borne,
Master (quod hee) but to haue plaide with you,
I you requyre, that yee none other trow.

Is this your bourding in earnest then (quod hee)
For I am verie effeirit, and on slought:
Come backe againe, and I shall let thee see,
Then where the gait was grimmed he him brought,
Whether call yee this fair play or nought:
To set your Master in so fell effray,
Whill hee for fearednesse hes syled vp the way?

Thryse (by my soule) yee gart mee shute behind,
Vpon my hoches the senzeis may bee seene,
For feiritnesse full oft I syled the wind,
Now is this yee? na, but an Hound I weene,
Mee thinke your teeth ouer short to bee so keene,
Blest bee the bus, that reft you your array,
Els fleeand, burelin had I beene this day.

Sir (quod the Wedder) suppose I ran in hy,
My minde was neuer to do your persoun ill,

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Ane ſlier gets ane followar commonly,
In play or earneſt, prieue whoſoeuer will,
Sen I but played bee gratious mee till,
And I ſhall gar my friends bleſſe your banes,
Ane full gude ſeruant will craib his Maſter anes.

I haue beene oftymes ſet in great effray,
But (by the Rude) ſo rad yet was I neuer,
As thou hes made mee with thy prettie play:
I ſhot behinde when thou ouertuke mee euer,
But ſikkerly now ſhall wee not diſſeuer.
Then by the craig bane ſmertlie hee him tuke,
Or euer hee ceiſſed, and it in ſunder ſhuke.

MORALITAS.

ESope that poet firſt father of this Fable,
Wrat this Parable whilke is conuenient,
Becauſe the ſentence was fructuous and agreable,
In Moralitie examplatiue prudent,
Whas problems beene verie excellent,
Throw ſimilitude of figures to this day,
Giue doctrine to the Readers of it aye.

Heere may thou ſee that riches of array,
Will cauſe poore men preſumtuous for to bee,
They thinke they hald of none, bee they als gay,
But counterfait ane Lord in all degree,
Out of their cais in pryde they clime ſo hie,
That they forbeare their betters in no ſteid,
Whill ſome man tript their heiles ouer their heid.

Right ſwa in ſeruice other ſome exceids,
And they haue withgang welth, and cheriſing,
That they will lightlie Lords in their deeds,
And lukes not to their bluds, nor their offpring,
But yet nane wait, how lang that reull will ring,
But hee was wiſe that bade his ſonne conſidder,
Beware in wealth, for hall banks are right ſlidder.

Therefore I counſell men of euerilke ſtate,
To know themſelfe, and whom they ſhould forbeir,
And fall not with their better in debait,

Suppoſe

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Suppoſe they bee als gallant in their geir,
It ſets no ſeruant for to vphold weir,
Nor clime ſo hie, while hee fall of the ladder,
But thinke vpon the Wolfe and on the Wedder.

The tale of the Wolfe and the Lambe.

ANe cruell Wolfe right rauenous and fell,
Vpon a time paſt to ane Riuer,
Deſcending from ane Rotch into ane Well,
To ſlaike his thirſt dranke of the Water cleire,
Swa vpon cace, ane ſillie Lambe came neir,
But of his foe, the Wolfe nothing hee wiſt,
And in the ſtreeme, laiped to cule his thirſt.

Thus dranke they both, but not of one intent,
The Wolfes thought was all on wickedneſſe,
The ſillie Lambe was meeke and innocent,
Vpon the Riuer, in an other place,
Beneth the Wolfe hee dranke ane little ſpace,
Whill hee thought gude, beleeuing there none ill,
The Wolfe him ſaw and rampand came him till.

With girnand teeth, and awfull angrie luke,
Said to the Lambe, Thou Catiue wretched thing,
How durſt thou bee ſo bold, to fyle the bruke,
Where I ſhould drinke, with thy foule ſlauering,
It were almous thee for to draw and hing,
That ſhould preſume with thy foule lips wyle,
To glar my drinke, and this fair water fyle.

The ſillie Lambe quaſkand for deer dreid,
On knees fell, and ſaid, Sir with your lieue,
Suppoſe I dar not ſay thereof yee leid,
But by my ſoule, I wait yee can not prieue,
That I did any thing that ſhould you grieue,
Yee wait alſwa that your accuſatioun,

Failzies fra trueth, and contrair to reaſoun:
Though I can nought, Nature will mee defend,
And of the deed perfite experience,
All heauie thing mon of the ſelfe deſcend.
But if ſome thing on force make reſiſtance,
Then may the ſtoyne on no way make aſcense,
Nor rin backwart: I drinke beneth your far,
Ergo, for mee, your bruke was neuer the war.

Allwa my lips ſen that I was a Launde,
Tuitchit nothing that was contagious,
But ſowked milke from pappes of my Dame,
Right Naturall, ſweete, and als delicious,
Well (quod the Wolfe) thy language rigorous,
Comes thee of kinde, fo thy father before,
Helde mee at hate, both with heart and ſtore.

Hee wraithit mee and then I couth him warne,
Within a yeere, and I bruked mine heid,
I ſhould be wroken on him or elſe his bairne,
For his exorbitant and ſtoward pleid,
Thou ſhall doubtleſſe for his deides bee deid.
Sir it is wrong that for the Fathers gilt,
The faikleſs ſonne ſhould puniſht bee or ſpilt.

Haue yee not heard what holy Scripture ſayes,
Endyted with the mouth of God Almightie?
Of his owne deedes ilke man ſhall beare the praiſe,
As paine for ſinne, reward for workes right,
For my treſpaſſe why ſhould my ſonne haue plight?
Who did the miſ, let him ſuſtaine the paine.
Yea (quod the Wolfe) yet pleyes thou againe.

I let thee wit, when that the Father offends,
I will refuſe none of his ſucceſſion:

And

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And of his bairnes I may well take amends,
Unto the twenty degree descending downe,
The Father thought to make an strong poysoun,
And with his mouth in my water did spew,
Sir (quod the Lambe) thay twa are nouther trew.

The Law sayes, and yee will understand,
There should no man for wrong or violence,
His Aduersar punish at his owne hand,
Without proces of Law or euidence,
Whilke should haue leiue to make lawfull defence,
And thereupon Summond peremtourly,
For to propon, contrarie, or reply.

Set mee ane lawfull Court I shall compeir,
Before the Lyon Lord, and leill Justice,
And by mine hand, I oblish mee right heir,
That I shall byde an unsuspect assyse,
This is the Law, this is the instant gyse:
Yee should pretend therefore an Summonds make.
Against that day to giue reason, and take.

No (quod the Wolfe) thou would intrude reason
Where wrong and reife should dwell in propertie,
That is a point and part of false treason,
For to gar rueth remaine with crueltie,
By his wounds, false traitour, thou shalt die,
For thy trespasse, and for thy Fathers als,
With that anone hee hint him by the hals.

The sillie Lambe could doe nothing but bleit,
Soone was hee dead: the Wolfe would doe no grace,
Syne dranke his blude, and of his flesh can eit,
Whill he was full, and went his way on pace,
Of this murther what shall we say, allace?

Was not this rueth, was not this great pittie?
To gar this ſillie Lambe but gilt thus die.

MORALITAS.

THe poore people this Lambe may ſignifie,
As Maile men, Merchands, and all labourers,
Of whom the lyfe is halfe ane purgatorie
To win with lawtie liuing as effeires,
The Wolfe betokens falſe extortioners,
And oppreſſours of poore men, as wee ſee,
By violence or craft in facultie.

Three kind of Wolfes, in this world now rings,
The firſt are falſs peruerters of the Lawes:
Whilke vnder poet termes, falſet mings,
Lettand that all were Goſpell that he ſhawes.
But for ane bud the poore man hee ouerthrawes,
Smoirand the right, garrand the wrang proceid,
Of ſik Wolfes helles fire ſhall bee their meid.

O man of Law, ſet bee thy ſubtiltie,
With nyce gimpes and frauds intricat:
And thinke that God in his Diuinitie,
The wrang, the right of all thy warkes wait,
For prayer, price, for hie, for low eſtate,
Of falſe querreles ſee thou make no defence,
Hold with the right, hurt not thy conſcience.

Ane other kinde of Wolfes rauenous,
Are mightie men, hauand full great plentie:
Whilkes are ſo greedie and ſo covetous,
They will not thole the poore in peace to bee,
Suppoſe hee and his houſhold both ſhould die,
For fault of fude, thereof they giue na racke,
But ouer his head mailling they will take.

O man but mercie, what is in thy thought?
War than an Wolfe, if thou could vnderſtand,
Thou haſt eneugh, the poore Husband right nought
But crop and caffe vpon ane clout of land,
For Gods aw, how durſt thou take on hand,
And thou in barne and byre ſo bein and big,
To put him from his Tacke and gar him thig?

The third Wolfe are men of heritage,
As Lords that hes lands by Gods lane,

And

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And ſets to the Maillers an village,
And for an tyme Greſſome payed and tane,
Syne vexes him ere halfe his time be gane,
With piked quarrels for to make him faine,
To flite, or pay his Greſſome new againe.

His Horſe, his Meir, hee mon lend to the Lard,
To druge or draw in Court or in Cariage:
His ſeruant or his ſelfe may not bee ſpaird,
To ſwing and ſweit withoutten meat or wage,
Thus how hee ſtands in labour and bondage,
That ſcantly may hee purchas by his Maill,
To liue vpon dry bread and watter kaill.

Hes thou no rueth to gar thy Tennants ſweat?
Into thy Labour with faint and hungrie wame?
And ſyne hes little gude to drinke or eate,
With his menzie at night when hee comes hame?
Thou ſhould dread for the righteous Gods blame
For it cryes vengeance vnto the heauens hie,
To gar ane poore man worke but meat or fie.

O thou great Lord that riches hes and rent,
Bee not an Wolfe thus to devore the poore
Thinke that nothing cruell nor violent,
May in this warld perpetuallie endure,
This ſhall thou trow and fickerly aſſure,
For to oppreſſe thou ſhall haue as great paine,
As thou the poore had with thy own hand ſlaine.

God keepe the Lambe, whilke is the innocent,
From the Wolfes byte and men extortioners:
God grant that wrongous men of falſe intent,
Bee manifeſted, and puniſht as effeirs:
And God as thou all righteous prayers heare,
Mot ſaue our King and giue him heart and hand,
All ſik Wolfes to baniſh out off the Land.

The Tale of the Padoke and the Mouſe.

VPon ane time (as Eſope could report)
Ane little Mouſe came to an Riuer ſide,
Shee might not wade her ſhankes were ſo ſhort,
Shee could not ſwim, ſhee had none horſe to rid,
Of verie force behoued her to byde.

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And to and fro beside that Riuer deepe,
Shee ran crying with many a pitteous peepe.

Helpe ouer, helpe ouer, this sillie Mouse can cry,
For Gods loue some bodie ouer the bryme:
With that ane Padocke in the water by,
Put vp her head, and on the banke could clim,
Whilke by Nature could douke and gaylie swim.
With voyce full ranke, shee said on this manner,
Good-morne, sir Mouse, what is your eirand heere?

See thou (quod shee) of corne ane joly flat,
Of rype Oates, of Barlie, Peise, and Wheet:
I am hungrie and fane would bee thereat,
But I am stopped by this water great:
And on this side I get nothing to eit,
But hard Nuts, whilke with my teeth I bore,
Were I beyond my feist were fare the more.

I haue no Boat, heir is no Mariners,
And though there were, I haue no fraught to pay,
(Quod shee Sister) let bee thine heauie cheir,
Doe my counsell and I shall finde the way,
Without Horse, Brig, Boat, or yet Galay,
To bring thee ouer safely bee not effeird:
And not weitand the campes of thy beird.

I haue great wonder quod the little Mouse,
How can thou fleit without fedder or fin?
This Riuer is so deepe and dangerous,
Mee thinke that thou should drowned bee therein,
Tell mee therefore what facultie or gin,
Thou hast to bring mee ouer this water wan.
That to declare the Padocke thus began:
With my two feete (quod shee) lucken and braid,
Instead of oare I row the streame full still,

And

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And though the brym be perrellous Ile waid,
Both to and fro I row at mine owne will,
I may not drowne for why my open gil
Deuoides aye the water I reſaue,
Therefore to drowne forſuith no dread I haue.

The Mouſe beheld vnto the fronſed face,
Her runkled cheekes and her lips ſide,
Her hingand browes and her voyce ſo hace,
Her loggerand legs and her harſky hyde.
Shee ran aback and on the Paddocke cryde,
If I can any skill of Phiſnomie,
Thou hes ſome part of falſet and inuy.

For Clarkes ſayes the inclination
Of mans thought, proceedes commonly,
After the corporall complextion,
To gude or ill, as Nature will apply,
Ane thraward wult, ane thraward Phiſnomie,
The old Prouerbe is witneſſe of this lorum,
Diſtortum vultum, ſequitur diſtortio morum.

No (quod the Taid) that Prouerbe is not trew
For fair things are oftimes founden taken:
The Bla-berrie though they bee ſad of hew,
Are gathered vp, when Primroſe is forſaken,
The face may faill to bee the heartes taken,
Therefore I find this Scripture in all place,
Thou ſhould not judge ane man after his face.

Though I unhelthſome bee to luke vpon,
I haue no cauſe why I ſhould lacked bee,
Were I als faire as joly Abſolon,
I am no cauſer of that great bewtie,
This difference in forme and qualitie,
Almightie God hes cauſed Dame Nature

To

To pynt and ſet in euerie Creature.
Of ſome the face may bee full flouriſhand,
Of ſilken tongue and cheare right amorous:
With minde inconſtant, falſe and variand,
Full of deſait, and meanes cautelous,
Let bee thy preaching (quod the hungrie Mous)
And by what craft thou gar mee vnderſtand,
That thou would gyde mee to yon ponder land.

Thou wat (quod ſhee) ane body that hes need,
To helpe himſelfe ſhould many wayes caſt:
Therefore goe take an double twyned threed,
And bind thy leg to mine with knots faſt,
I ſhall thee learne to ſwime, bee not agaſt,
As well as I: As thou then (quod the Mous)
To preue that play it were right perrillous.

Should I bee bound and faſt where I am free,
In hope of helpe? no then I ſhrew vs baith,
For I might loſe both life and libertie,
If it were ſo who ſhould amend the ſkaith,
But if yee ſweir to mee the mother aith,
But fraud or guyle to bring mee ouer this flude:
But hurt or harme: In faith (quod ſhee) I dude.

Shee gaiked vp, and to the heauen can cry,
O Iupiter of Nature God and King:
I make an aith truelie that I
This fillie Mouſe ſhall ouer this water bring,
The aith was made, the Mouſe but perſeuing,
The falſe ingine of this foule trappald taide
Tooke threed and band her leg as ſhee her bade:

Then fute for fute they lap into the bryme,
But in their mindes they were right different:

The

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The Mouſe thought of nothing but for to ſwym,
The Padocke for to drowne ſet her intent,
When they in midward of the ſtream were went,
With all her might the Padocke preaſſed downe.
And thought the Mouſe without mercie to drowne.

Perſauing this, the Mouſe on her can cry,
Treatour to God and manſworne vnto mee,
Thou ſwore the mother aith right now that I
But hurt or harme ſhould ferryit bee and free:
And when ſhee ſaw there was but doe or die,
With all her might ſhee forced her to ſwim,
And preaſſed vpon the tades backe to clim.

The dread of death her ſtrengths gart increſe,
And forced her defend with might and mane,
The Mouſe vpward, the Padocke downe can preis,
Whill to, whill fra, whill douked vp againe,
This ſillie Mouſe plunged into great paine,
Can feght als long as breath was in her breſt,
Till at the laſt ſhee cryed for an Preſt.

Feghtand this gate, the Glad ſat on a twiſt,
And to this wretched battell tuke gude heed,
And with an wiſke ere any of them wiſt,
Hee claught his cluke betwirt them in the threed,
Syne to the land he flew with them gude ſpeed,
Fane of that fang, pypand with many pew,
Syne lowſed them and both but pittie ſlew.

Syne boweled them, that boucher with his bill,
And belly-claught full fereillie them flaid,
But all their fleſh wald ſcant bee halfe an till:
And guts als vnto that greedie Glaid,
Of their debate, thus when I heard out red,

Hee

Hee tooke the flight, and ouer the fields flaw,
If this bee trew ſpeir at them that ſaw.

MORALITAS.

MY brother, if thou will take aduertance,
By this Fable thou may perſaue and ſee,
It paſſes for all kinde of peſtilence,
Ane wicked minde, with wordes faire and ſlee,
Beware therefore, with whom thou fellowes bee,
To thee were better to beare the stane-barrow,
For all thy dayes to delue while thou may dree,
Than to bee matched with ane wicked marrow.

Ane falſe intent vnder ane faire pretence,
Hes cauſed many innocent for to die:
Great follie is to giue ouer ſoone credence,
To all that ſpeikes fairlie vnto thee.
Ane ſilken tongue, ane heart of crueltie,
Smytes more ſore than any ſhot of arrow,
Brother if thou be wiſe I red thee flee,
To match thee with a thraward feinzet marrow.

I warne thee als it is great negligence,
To bind thee faſt where thou was franke and free,
Fra thou be bound thou may make no defence,
To ſaue thy life, nor yet thy libertie,
This ſimple counſell Brother take of mee,
And it to cun perqueir ſee thou not tarrow,
Better but ſtrife to liue alane in lee,
Than to bee matched with an wicked marrow.

This hold in minde right more I ſhall thee tell,
Whereby thir beaſtes may bee figurate,
The Padoke vſand in the flude to dwell,
Is mans bodie ſwimmand aire and late
Into this warld with cares implicate,
Now hie, now low, whiles plunged vp and downe,
Ay in perrell and reddie for to drowne.

Now dolorous, now blyth as bird on brier,
Now in freedome, now wrapped in deſtreſſe,
Now haill and ſound, now dead and brought on bier:
Now poore as Iob, now rowand in riches:
Now gownes gay, now brats laid in pres,

Now

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Now full as fitche, now hungrie as an Hound,
Now on the quheill, now wrapped to the ground.

This little Mouſe heere knit thus by the Shin,
The ſaule of man betaken may indeede,
Bounden and fra the body may not win,
While cruell death come breake of life the threid,
The whilke to drowne ſhould euer ſtand in dread,
Of carnall luſt by the Suggeſtion,
Whilke drawes ay the ſoule and drugges downe.

The water is the warld ay walterand,
With many wall of tribulatioun:
In whilke the ſaule and body were ſteirand,
Standand right different in their opinioun,
The ſoule vpwart, the body preſſeth downe,
The ſaul right faine wald be brought ouer I wis,
Out of this warld into the heauens blis.

The Gled is death that comes ſuddenly,
As does ane theif and cutes ſoone the battell:
Be vigilant therefore and ay readie,
For mans life is brukle and mortall:
My friend therefore make thee ane ſtrong Caſtell,
Of faith in Chriſt: for death will thee aſſay,
Thou wait not when, euen, morrow or midday.

Adew my friend, and if that any ſpeirs
Of this Fable, ſo ſhortly I conclude:
Say yee I left the reſt vnto the Friers:
To make example and ſimilitude:
Now Chriſt for vs that dyed on the Rude,
Of ſaul and life as thou art Sauiour,
Grant vs to paſſe to thee in bleſſed houre.

FINIS.

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LIST OF CORRECTIONS MADE IN REPRINTING THIS EDITION OF HENRYSON'S FABLES.

Title.—*Part of the Title-page being lost, the defective letters or words are restored on the authority of Bagford's Collections. In the Text, the letters or words wanting are chiefly supplied from Bannatyne's Manuscript.*

P. 3. line 7. anothing, *corrected to* ane other thing
— 12. *is omitted in Hart's Edition.*
P. 4. — 15. heaſt—beaſt
P. 5. — 6. Iapſe—Iaſpe
— 12. hes beene ſeene—hes beene. *The line should properly read,* as often times hes beene
P. 6. — 27. *the word* Fable *is omitted in Hart's edition.*
P. 8. — 10. an doth ermens ſkaith—and other mens ſkaith
— 18. chiefe—cheeſe
— 19. vnfute-fair—vnfute-ſair
P. 18. — 19. *should read* and hint him
P. 37. — 23. *should read* If it be ſuth
P. 39. — 33. curſe—courſe
P. 40. — 27. fine—fiue
P. 49. — 5. *should read* is done
P. 50. — 16. his pole—*the MS. copies more properly read* his pow, *or* paw
P. 58. — 3. inſtance— inſtante
P. 60. — 3. For many of kinde hes our hee gart die—For many of our kinde hes hee gart die
— 31. Hes nets—His nets
P. 61. — 16. draw time—draw in time
P. 72. — 33. *The Harleian MS. gives the last two lines of the* Moralitas *more correctly:*

—I counſall michtie men to haif in mynd
Of the Neck-hering interpret in this kynd.

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LIST OF CORRECTIONS.

P. 74. line 9. planke, *should perhaps be* placke, *but the rhyme precludes any alteration in the text.*
P. 76. — 28. cunnad—cunnand
P. 77. — 10. *should read* my will
— 25. Wlfe, *a typographical error for* Wolfe
P. 78. — 17. dart oxen—darf oxen
P. 81. — 24. ſnod—ſhod

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